

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. XXVII.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914

NO 28

STEPHEN KENNEDY ARRESTED

Leaves Grip With Dynamite and Revolver in Upton's Office

FIND MIND IS DERANGED

Trial Was Held Monday and he Was Found to be in a Critical State of Insanity, Taken to Elgin Monday

What is believed to have been an effort to blow up the Security Savings Bank and the office of Attorney W. C. Upton, together with the dozen or more employees who were employed in the building, was discovered Saturday in time to prevent what would have proved the most terrible catastrophe of the kind in the history of Waukegan.

The man suspected of being back of the nefarious scheme to hurt to kingdom come so many persons and possibly blow up the entire block in which the bank is located, was Steven H. Kennedy, a member of the Lake County Bar Association, a man who for some year past has grown melancholy through financial reverses, etc.

His arrest followed the discovery of 25 sticks of dynamite, each of which contained the necessary caps two loaded revolvers, etc.

Kennedy is now in Lake county jail and will be given a hearing as to his insanity. He will be found to be insane and sent to the Elgin asylum, for considering the discovery made, it is considered by officials and others a very dangerous thing to permit him to be at large.

That Kennedy had in mind the assassination of Attorney William C. Upton, one of the best known attorneys in Lake county, is known by the fact that it was his office in which Kennedy deposited his satchel containing the dynamite which it is believed he intended setting off. His arrest before executing plans which he is believed to have designed, prevented.

It was about 11:30 o'clock that Kennedy entered Mr. Upton's office, talked about some business matters and then said he wished to leave his grip in the office and would return for it at one o'clock. He set the grip down near the door of Mr. Upton's private office and left.

Mr. Upton knew that Kennedy had not been friendly to him for years hence he wondered if the satchel contained some infernal machine and accordingly called Assistant Chief Tyrrell, explaining the circumstances. The officer agreed with him, peered into the grip and then called Officer Lyon who took the grip to the police station, with a message from the chief to "handle it with care."

Assistant Chief Tyrrell then began plans for capturing Kennedy on his return at 1 o'clock as per his announcement. He went for Sheriff Green who accompanied him to the Upton office and there they remained. The chief also swore in as a special policeman a strapping fellow named Clark, who was to watch the office so Mr. Upton would not be left alone in case Kennedy returned. Mr. Tyrrell in the meantime was hustling details for getting Kennedy without trouble.

About 12:45 Kennedy came down town from his home and was in front of Burke & Wright's where former Officer Kennedy happened to see him. Kennedy spoke to a man named Liss and told him he was going to take Kennedy to the station, adding: "If he attacks me, get ready to jump in and help me."

Walking up to Kennedy, Kenny said, "Tom wants to see you at the station." Kennedy protested, but in a minute consented to go along.

Just about then Tyrrell and Sheriff Green came along and followed the officer and Kennedy to the station. Upon entering, Tyrrell grabbed Kennedy's arm and held him while others searched him. The first thing found was the .38 calibre revolver which they took from his outside coat pocket.

Asked what he was doing with so much dynamite, Kennedy told Tyrrell that he "was just getting it to go down on the flats and experiment" on something he had in mind.

(Continued on page four)

CHITTENDEN IS BEATEN BADLY FOR HIS RENOMINATION

Supervisor Ralph Chittenden was "snowed under" at the Warren township caucus held Saturday, March 12, at Gurnee, when George T. McCullough, for years a supporter of Mr. Chittenden and a close friend, went into the caucus and beat him almost three to one for the nomination. At the end of the count, it was found McCullough had 221 votes to Chittenden's 86.

The avalanche was unexpected by Mr. Chittenden and his friends but the supervisor was not in the least affected for he rose and said: "Gentlemen, in face of the vote, I desire to make a motion that Mr. McCullough's nomination be made unanimous."

In Warren the nomination means election and especially when it is known that the ordinary vote, now with women voting, will be about 500. Before women voted, the normal vote was 280 in the township. Saturday 59 women voted, bringing the total vote cast Saturday up to 310 votes, the largest ever polled in the town before, for up to Women's suffrage coming in, there were but 280 men who had a right to cast a ballot.

Here is the rest of the ticket nominated:

Supervisor—Geo. McCullough..... 224
Ralph Chittenden..... 86
Collector—Edwin Ray no opposition.
Assessor—O. B. Whitmore no opposition.
School Trustee—Mrs. M. B. Lake.
Highway Commissioner—John Thomas..... 122
W. C. Barnstable..... 86
Clarko Chandler..... 63

Two Sisters Die within Two Days

The death of Mrs. H. C. Edwards following so close on the death of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Vandermark, whose death occurred on Saturday night, is considered most unusual. Very rarely indeed do two brothers or sisters die within two days of each other. Both deaths were considered rather sudden.

Mrs. Margaret Edwards, wife of former Supervisor H. C. Edwards who at that time resided in Grayslake died suddenly Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock at her home in Waukegan. Death was a result of heart disease of which she had been a sufferer some time. Had she lived until March 20, she would have been 59.

Mrs. Edwards was born on a farm in Libertyville township just north of Libertyville. Several years ago, with her husband and children, she removed to Waukegan where she lived about five years. This was during the time her daughter was attending high school, then the family returned to Grayslake, but fell they again moved back to Waukegan and have been living there since.

People's Town Caucus

A caucus of the legal voters of the town of Lake Villa will be held on Saturday, March 21, 1914, at the Village Hall in the Village of Lake Villa between the hours of 1 p. m. and 4 p. m., for the purpose of nominating one candidate for each of the following offices:

One Supervisor.
One Town Clerk.
One Assessor.
One Collector.
One Highway Commissioner for the east district.
One Constable.
Three Town Committeemen for the ensuing year.

All voting in said caucus shall be by ballot containing the names of all candidates and the manner of conducting the caucus and all voting therein shall be as near as may be in accordance with the Australian system of voting.

The undersigned chairman and secretary shall act as chairman and secretary of said caucus and shall certify the names of the successful candidates as required by law. No ballot shall be counted unless shall be endorsed thereon the initials of one of the judges hereinafter named. Each person desiring to become a candidate in said caucus shall give his name to one of the undersigned Town Committee on or before Thursday, March 19th, 1914, and then paying his share of the expenses of said caucus.

Town Committee,
Harry Stratton,
Scott LeVoy,
John Cribb.
Dated Lake Villa, Ill., Feb. 28th, 1914.

Probably Was Finding Out.
"How did you come to be a professional beggar?" "I ain't no professional beggar. I'm employed to get up statistics on how many heartless people there is in this town."—Stray Stories.

REINSTATE COUNTY TREASURER

Supervisors Voted For Reinstatement of Treasurer Without Dissenting Vote

INTEREST MATTER IN COURT

Westerfield Says He Will Not Turn Over Interest Money Until he Gets Court Ruling to Do So

The board of supervisors, without one dissenting vote last Thursday morning voted to reconsider its action of Friday, March 6th, and reinstate County Treasurer Carl P. Westerfield in the office from which the resolution adopted last week formally removed him.

The action of the board reinstating him came after the board convened in adjourned session. Mr. Westerfield, through Attorney Beaudin, presented the statement asked for last week by Mr. Dady, showing interest the county's moneys have paid since Westerfield assumed office, and immediately after the statement was read, Clarke moved that it be placed on file and put into the records.

Emmons then said: "As I voted for the resolution which ousted the treasurer and based my vote on his furnishing the statement asked by Mr. Dady, I now desire, seeing he has furnished that statement, to move to reconsider the resolution which ousted him and that Mr. Westerfield be reinstated into office."

Thus the matter drops, the interest issue to be formally settled in the courts when the case is put on formal trial in connection with the resolution, adopted by the board last week authorizing the state's attorney to put the matter on trial to determine who is entitled to the interest on funds held by the county treasurer.

The resolution adopted as follows: Waukegan, Ill., March 12, 1914. To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of Lake County, Ill. Gentlemen:

Below I furnish a statement of all interest moneys received by me on all funds. I will gladly turn these moneys over to the county of Lake, when the court so rules that they belong to the county. I feel that these moneys belong to me personally, or I would not have retained them. I am the first treasurer that has ever been called upon to make such a statement with the county board, and I can not help but feel that it is an injustice. There is no provision in the statute that causes a county treasurer to have the moneys he is entrusted with earn moneys for the county.

The law is very specific regarding the duties of a county treasurer and plainly states that a county treasurer shall safely keep all moneys, books and valuable papers belonging to the county and when his successor is elected and duly qualified he shall turn same over to him.

The figures are:
Security Savings Bank, Waukegan, Illinois..... \$4,161.11
First National Bank, Lake Forest, Illinois..... 1,581.03
Lake County National Bank, Libertyville, Illinois..... 1,601.70
Total..... \$7,343.90

In order to specifically meet the action of the board in asking me the two questions put to me in writing on Mar. 6, 1914, which two questions are of record in the proceedings of the board, I make the following answer, to the first question I answer "yes." To the second question I answer \$7,343.90.

You have made demand on me for payment of above sum to county of Lake. I respectfully decline to accept of or pay said money to said county of Lake unless ordered to do so by a court proceeding.

Respectfully,
Carl P. Westerfield,
County Treasurer.

Slightly Unconscious.
Judge—"It is testified that you knocked him senseless. Is that true?" Prisoner—"Well, your honor, he was rather noncommittal after I struck him."

GRANT TOWNSHIP WILL NOT GO DRY THIS SPRING

Grant township will not go dry this spring!

There is no chance of even voting on the wet-dry issue this spring! It develops that the drys who had charge of getting the petitions out asking that the question be placed on the ballot this spring, "fell down" in the petition and that is why the question will not, as was generally expected, be put on the election ballot in April.

The reason the question will not appear is because town clerk William Jackson, after looking over the petition as filed by Douglas Wait and Gust Townsend, found it improperly drawn up as regards the signatures. The law says that the signers must affix their full names "and their residences." And, half of the signers left off their residences hence that made their signatures of no account and invalidated the whole petition.

Asked whether such is the case town clerk Jackson said Monday: "Yes, that's the fact—it will not be on the ballot and Grant township will be wet at least another year."

The petition had sufficient names affixed to it to justify its being placed on the ballot but about half of the signers failed to state where they lived, which according to the law, is necessary.

Summer Milk Prices

The scale of prices offered by the Borden company for summer milk was turned down by local producers, when the books of the company were opened to contract the summer milk supply.

The average price offered by the Borden company was \$1.34 1/2, while the producers demand an average of \$1.53. Producers generally were much disappointed over the Borden schedule as the majority of them confidently expected the price to be in the neighborhood of \$1.50 and the offer came as a surprise.

Farmers say they will not sign unless a better price is forthcoming and they are ready to fight if necessary to secure the boost. The Milk Producers' association is said to have more members and is stronger than ever this year and the big milk concerns will have a hard fight on their hands before the farmers will allow them to dictate the prices. Local producers and members of every local are following the same tactics as last year in placing their milk in the hands of a committee to dispose of at the association prices. H. F. Greley, J. T. Bower and Otto Rasch constitute the local committee.

The scale offered by the Borden company for the six months is given below:
April.....\$1.45 July.....\$1.35
May.....1.20 August.....1.50
June.....1.05 September.....1.50
—Richmond Gazette.

Mrs. David Minto Passes Away

Another Lake county pioneer passed away Thursday night, March 12, when Mrs. David Minto of Loon Lake one of the first settlers in Lake county died at her home, there after a prolonged illness culminating in a stroke of paralysis suffered recently.

Mrs. Minto was 75 years old. She came to Lake county in the early days when it was in its infancy and since that time has seen it grow into the prosperous position it now holds. Mrs. Minto took great interest in the things that went on about her and was always pleased even in the later years of her life. She was a woman of a kind heart and because of her loving personality made scores of friends among whom she chanced to meet.

The deceased is survived by a husband and one son and a daughter, Har Old, who now operates the farm at Loon Lake and Una the daughter.

The funeral services were held from her late home Monday with interment in the Loon Lake cemetery.

Man Burned Fatally

Charles Hensel, 40 years old, employed in the Zengeler Cleaning shop in Lake Forest was badly burned Tuesday his body became a human torch following the explosion of a quantity of benzine used in the cleaning process. The victim was removed to the Allene Home hospital. His condition is said to be so serious that he has little or no chance of recovery.

Just how the accident happened is not known, as Hensel is in such a precarious condition that he has not been pressed for details. Pedestrians were startled when he rushed screaming from the shop his clothing a mass of flames.

Problem for the Idle

If the time is hanging heavy on your hands try to work put this. How many times in each 24 hours do the two hands of the clock appear at right angles to each other?—Baltimore News.

THOMPSON WILL GIVE CORN PRIZES

Boys and Girls of the Tenth Congressional District Will Have Corn Club

GET TRIP TO WASHINGTON

Boys and Girls Must be Between the Ages of 10 and 18 Years Old at the Time of Enrollment

As a representative in congress from the district in which you live, I hope I may be of some service to you, as well as to your fathers and mothers. To this end I propose to organize a boy's corn club and a girls' garden and canning club for the season of 1914. I am, therefore, making the following offer: To the boy residing in our district who makes the best record in the corn club work for 1914 under the following basis of award I will give a free trip to Washington, D. C., at the time when the boys' and girls' agricultural club champions from the various state of the Union make their annual pilgrimage:

1. Greatest yield per acre..... 30
2. Best showing of profit on investment..... 30
3. Best exhibit of ten ears at county, district, state or local fair..... 20
4. Best written history entitled, "How I Made My Crop"..... 20

Total score..... 100
To the girl residing in our district who makes the best record in the garden and canning club work for 1914 under the following basis of award I will give a free trip to Washington, D. C., at the same time.

1. Quality..... 20
2. Quantity total pounds of vegetables harvested and used..... 20
3. Variety of canned products..... 20
4. Profit on investment..... 20
5. Written history on "How I Made My Crop"..... 20

Total score..... 100
To be eligible to compete for either of these prizes you must be between the ages of ten and eighteen years, inclusive, at the time of enrollment with the United States department of agriculture. If a boy, you must agree to grow one full acre of corn, and if a girl you must agree to grow one-tenth acre of vegetables, chiefly tomatoes. All who join these clubs must further agree to submit a report to the department of agriculture at Washington, D. C., not later than December 1, 1914, according to instructions that will be furnished later.

If you care to enroll in one of these clubs, let me know by letter, where upon I shall be glad to send you the necessary enrollment card. I hope all boys and girls who may wish to get much valuable information and instruction from the government on corn growing and garden and canning work and have the opportunity of winning a trip to Washington, D. C., the expense of which I shall be glad to pay, will let me hear from them at once. If you have any boy or girl friends who would like to enter either of these clubs, please let them know.

Yours very truly,
Charles M. Thompson,
House of Rep., Washington, D. C.

Horses and Cards

"Why is it you always win at poker?" she asked, "and always lose when you back horses?" "Well, my dear," came the genial response, "I don't shuffle the horses."—London Express.

Always

There has always been a tendency on the part of saints, philosophers and excitable people generally to feel sure that what is wrong with the world is ignorance—that if only people might be induced to listen they could not but incline their hearts to the attractions of manifest righteousness.

Hindu Merry Widow

It is reported from Bombay that a Hindu widow immolated herself upon the funeral pyre of her husband and smiled as the flames played about her. The Oriental idea of the merry widow will never be popular in America.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PRESIDENT OF THE FARMERS INSTITUTE GIVE IDEAS

Ten of the officers of the Farmers' Institute met in Libertyville on Thursday, March 12, to arrange for the meetings of the coming year and to formulate plans for the programs to be given. About one half of the vice presidents of the association were not present but those in attendance were most enthusiastic over the progress made. Vice presidents will be urged to attend meetings in the future or requested to select another representative so that all towns in the country may have representation.

An innovation will be introduced this year in summer meetings. It is the plan to hold at least three of these during the growing season, probably in the month of June. One will be held on the state experimental plot on the David White farm in Antioch; Mr. Fisher of the State Agricultural college has had charge of this plot for several years, he will explain the rotation of crops practiced and give results; fields in the neighborhood will also be visited. Another summer meeting will probably be held on the Samuel Insull farm south of Libertyville.

A third meeting is planned about the time for selection of seed corn and will be in charge of some corn expert; it is hoped that this meeting may be held near Grayslake, possibly on the Sears' farms.

It was agreed that the association would lend its aid to any community desiring to hold an institute, the meeting to be in charge of the vice president of that town; the association will endeavor to secure speakers for occasions of this kind. The date of the annual institute, will be fixed by the president and secretary at a meeting in Chicago to be held in the near future, the time will probably be about the last of January or the first of February. It was agreed that the officers should ask the state association to furnish a dairyman and a household science speaker, and the State University to send a soil man for the annual institutes of next winter.

Peoples Town Caucus

A caucus of the legal voters of the town of Antioch will be held on Saturday, March 21, 1914, at the Village Hall in the Village of Antioch between the hours of 1 p. m. and 4 p. m., for the purpose of nominating one candidate for each of the following offices:

One Assessor, one Highway Commissioner, one Constable, and three men for the ensuing year.

All voting in said caucus shall be by ballot containing the names of all candidates and the manner of conducting the caucus and all voting therein shall be as near as may be in accordance with the Australian system of voting.

The undersigned chairman and secretary shall act as chairman and secretary of said caucus and shall certify the names of the successful candidates as required by law. No ballot shall be counted unless shall be endorsed thereon the initials of one of the judges hereinafter named. Each person desiring to become a candidate in said caucus shall give his name to one of the undersigned Town Committee on or before Friday, March 20, 1914, and then pay his share of the expenses of said caucus.

Town Committee,
Ed Wells,
W. T. Taylor,
B. H. Overton.
Dated, Antioch, Illinois, Feb. 24, 1914.

Mandamus To Get Collector

Attorney Barnes acting for the city of Zion Tuesday filed a petition for mandamus in the district court directed against John Bash, town collector of the township of Benton, requesting a court order compelling Bash to turn over to Irving Thurston as treasurer of Zion, the funds belonging to the city collected by Bash from the city taxes. The amount of the funds is \$1,000.

He has refused to turn the funds to Thurston and he is not the city treasurer.

B. S. Love, who was elected to the Voliva council, is a successful motion picture dealer.

Judge Whitney is expected to return next Monday at regular intervals. He will continue to be important the more very food is dear and fruits during the winter months.

Museum in Japan has in all the countries, a sum of 100,000,000 yen.

Japan has in all the countries, a sum of 100,000,000 yen.

INOIS

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Clayton Dixon visited in Union Grove and Racine last week.

Geo. Burnett arrived from the East for a visit the first of the week.

S. C. Litwiler and daughter of Round Lake called on relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Hendee of Grayslake and sister of Kansas visited friends here last Wednesday.

Mrs. Murrie and Mrs. Saunders of Waukegan spent Tuesday with the former's parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Hamlin and Clayton spent a few days recently with Chicago relatives.

Have you a cold or the grippe? If not, you are not in style. The doctors are kept busy these days.

Wm. Watson was called to Millburn last week by the illness and death of his mother, who was quite old.

There was no school part of the time last week, to allow the repairing of the boiler of the heating apparatus which was broken.

Dr. Hurley of Chicago was in town Saturday in consultation with Drs. Talbot and Schaffer on the case of Litwiler who is very ill.

"Diamonds and Hearts" at the Barnstable hall, Friday evening, March 13. All home talent and promises a good evening entertainment.

The Angola Cemetery society will hold its next regular meeting at the home of Miss Mary Kerr on Tuesday, March 17. Mrs. L. M. Cribb, sec'y.

BRISTOL

Edith Gunter is on the sick list.

Mrs. K. Cass spent Saturday in Kenosha.

C. H. Whitchee spent Wednesday in New Munster.

Miss Hanson was a Kenosha visitor last Tuesday.

Misses Olive Parkin and Ruby Fox spent last week in Chicago.

David Samson and wife entertained Kenosha company Sunday.

F. Lavey and Wells Cortis spent last Thursday in Milwaukee.

Jas. Coyne and wife were Kenosha visitors last Saturday.

Dr. Smith of New Munster was in our village last Tuesday.

Mrs. Ada Stewart of Salem spent Saturday with Mrs. Turner.

Mrs. Chas. Gunter entertained the Ladies Aid society last Thursday.

Miss Jean Mordock attended Teachers' Meeting in Kenosha Saturday.

Alfred Peterson has moved his family onto the Oetting farm near Antioch.

Little William Benson has been quite sick with the measles but is on the gain at present.

Mrs. Anna Shottiff is still very sick, she is at present under the care of a trained nurse from Chicago.

Mrs. Hollenbeck and Lila Smith of Pleasant Prairie visited over Sunday at the home of Mrs. Gaines.

Ed. Shottiff was called to Milwaukee on last Tuesday to serve on the jury but was excused on account of his age.

Miss Lydia Curtis is working in Kenosha advertising for the different stores in the interest of the Green Trading stamp.

While in Milwaukee one day last week Ted Shottiff was taken with another one of his numerous attacks of "automobilism." This attack was caused by the "Empire," and we are unable at present to tell whether he will recover unscathed or not.

No Talk Lost.

"So Kate and Alice are not on speaking terms." "No, but they more than make up for it by what they say about each other."

Secret of Secret-Keeping.

If a woman could only keep secret the fact that she has a secret to keep, her secrets could be safe.—Boston Transcript.

The Empress's Daughter.

Father to daughter—My daughter will not have a swan, but I will give her this set of swans, which no doubt you will find useful.

Popular Song Suggestions.

"The weeping willow had been only eating onion after all."

The Idea.

Madge—"Daddy, try to flatter me!"

Marjorie—"Why, no, dear. He merely said I was the prettiest girl he'd ever met."—New York Times.

MILLBURN

Roy Dawson was in Chicago last week.

Spencer Wells called on friends here Sunday.

Wm. Reilly spent the past week in Waukegan.

Guy Dietmeyer has moved into the Rose house.

Mrs. Ernest Wells was an Antioch visitor Friday.

Alfred Bain and wife called on Grayslake friends Sunday.

Mrs. Mabel Dietmeyer was a Waukegan visitor Thursday.

James Gallagher expects to leave for Chicago in about a week.

Miss Ruby Cleveland of Chicago is spending a few days at her home here.

Mrs. Watson died at her home here Saturday. The funeral was held Monday with interment in the Millburn cemetery.

RUSSELL

Dr. Redding was a Waukegan visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Chittenden entertained the childrens club Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patch are visiting relatives at this place.

Mrs. E. P. Siver is entertaining her sister of Waukegan.

Miss Vera Metcalf of Gurnee was a Russell visitor last week.

Miss Laura and Willie Corris entertained the Y. P. A., club last Friday.

Mrs. Fred McGuire has returned to Chicago after a two weeks stay with her aunt here.

Mrs. Martin Hogan will move to Chicago this week. James Gray has rented the Hogan farm.

Mrs. Duke has returned to her home in Chicago after spending this week with Mrs. Hogan.

HICKORY

Examinations at school this week. Hard lines.

Mrs. Nellie Harmer is in a Chicago hospital this week.

Mrs. D. Pullen spent Wednesday and Thursday in Waukegan.

Arthur Holdorf and wife have moved to their new home at Wilmet.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Webb are entertaining the latter's sister this week.

Mrs. Thomas Peterson entertained the merry-go-round Saturday evening.

Married at Antioch, Saturday, March 7th, Christ Mortensen and Betty Sorenson. We extend congratulations.

SILVER LAKE

Ross Schenning had a sale Tuesday.

Walter Crane and family were callers here Monday.

It is reported a robin was seen here Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Walburg was a Wilmet visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Denitt Dixon was a Burlington shopper Monday.

Fred Bernhoft and wife were callers here Wednesday.

Chas. Schulz, wife and son Claude called here Wednesday.

Mrs. Bert Dean had dental work done in Burlington Thursday.

Miss Albertine Johnson returned home from Kenosha Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nett were Sunday guests at the home of Ross Schenning.

Chas. Faden took possession of the livery business Tuesday, he expects to have no auto in connection.

Brave Little Woman!

"If you don't help to keep down our expenses," he complained, "I shall be driven to desperation." "All right, dear," she replied, "I'll do my best. I'm going to call up Aunt Elizabeth today and ask her if she won't take our canary, so that we shall not have to buy any more bird seed."

Concerning Grammar.

A sweet little voice—that sounded like it usually used better grammar.—Neil Brinkley in the Journal. Sounds like better grammar ain't being used this season.—F. P. A. in New York Mail.

BOBBY SHAFTO'S RETURN

BY ELLA M. BANGS.

Footsore and hungry the boy plodded steadily on. His worldly possessions contained in a bundle swinging from a stout stick, were shifted now and then from one shoulder to the other. The sun was hot, and pushing back the worn cap, the boy wiped his forehead and face where tan and freckles showed that this was not his first day of exposure to sun and wind. Presently the roofs of a building came into view, and as he approached nearer, the building proved to be a fine old colonial mansion.

Passing the pillared portico, he was about to go around to a side entrance when a whirling hammock caught his sight, and going nearer he spoke. "Please can I get a drink of water here?"

The figure in the hammock suddenly raised itself showing a girl a little younger than himself, a girl in a white dress and pink ribbons, with sunny hair and deep blue eyes, which widened as, instead of answering his inquiry she demanded: "Are you a tramp?"

"Not exactly, but I hadn't the money to ride, so I just had to walk."

The fair face flushed, then she hurried away, returning a little later with a glass and pitcher of water, as well as a generous piece of custard pie.

"Do you like this kind?" she asked. He looked at the pie. "You bet," was the prompt answer, and he proceeded to dispose of it.

"I'm obliged to you," acknowledged the boy as soon as speech seemed possible. He had thrown himself on the ground, but presently he started up. "Well, I must be starting on."

"Where to?" "New York."

"New York?" Why that's miles and miles away."

"I know, but I'll get there some time. And I say, I thank you for the pie and the drink, and—what's your name?"

"My name's Evelyn Ware."

"Well, then good-by Evelyn Ware."

As he started toward the street he turned to say, "Some day I'll come back and marry you, Evelyn Ware."

"Oh, will you?" she returned scornfully. Then with a mocking smile she sang.

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea, Silver buckles on his knee, He'll come back and marry me, Pretty Bobby Shafto."

His destination was reached in time, and during the year that followed the boy picked up barely enough to maintain a clothed and fed existence. It came about, however, that within his second year he found himself occupying a menial position in the office of one of the daily papers. Six months later he took something to the editor. The man read it, and looking up at the boy, asked, "Where did you get this?"

"I wrote it. Is it good?"

"The man gave a low whistle. "You wrote it? Well, keep on, my boy."

In time a story under his name appeared in one of the magazines. Others followed, and then came the inevitable writhing of a novel. This, after one or two rejections, was published. His work as a reporter was given up, and another novel produced which, met with so cordial a reception by the public as to place "The Highway of Fate" on the list of the year's best sellers.

About this time he was invited to make one of a house party given by a society leader at her country place. A half hour after his arrival at Summer Acres, Wilfred, standing near an open window in his room, heard voices below on the piazza.

"Who do you think is to be a guest here?" asked a feminine voice.

"I've no idea," another voice equally feminine, but more musical, returned. "Has Mrs. Grafton invited a star of the first magnitude?"

"Something like it," was the response, "for this is no less a personage than Wilfred Hunter, the author."

"Possible? So we will all soon be on the Highway of Fate, if not already there," laughed the other.

"Yes, and if he is as good looking as his picture, look out for your heart, Evelyn, for I suppose you have one."

Wilfred started. Evelyn! That name belonged to the little golden-haired fairy of his humble youth. Was this she?

A little later his query was answered when he was presented to Miss Evelyn Ware.

One day while they were walking together, the young man asked: "Would you think me insufferably egotistical, Miss Ware, if I told you the outline of a little story I have in mind?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Hunter, I should feel deeply flattered," was the response.

Accordingly the man began. He described himself as he had been sixteen years ago, poor, unknown and alone. "Are you—Bobby Shafto?"

"Yes," as his hand closed over hers, "and I have come back—as I said I would."

IN QUEST OF HUSBAND

By C. CLARKE.

"I wonder if it's really true?" from the couch.

"What?" said Billy lazily. Billy and I have just the nicest kind of time in the den on rainy days when she is home for the holidays. And as she was curled up on the couch among the pink pillows, and I was in the big wicker chair.

"Why?" about the world being full of two kinds of men, the ones you love and the ones who love you."

"Why?" said Billy again. Billy was reading a story and I knew she didn't want to be bothered, but I kept on nevertheless. I knew that I've stopped in the interesting parts of things lots of times when she has wanted to talk.

"Oh, because it's like that with me," I said gloomily.

"How?" said Billy, reaching for a chocolate, and then I threw a pillow at her, and she actually threw down her book.

"I'm blue," I said looking for sympathy, "and what's the use of going on playing that kind of a game if it's always going to be that way? I'll never get on with the man I like, and the men I like will never get on with me."

"Have a chocolate," said Billy sticking a box under my nose, and then we both dipped in, and sat with the box between us.

"It's just the same with you, too," I reflected sorrowfully. "Just look at the way Ross Wilson looks at you, sends you candy and hangs around all time, and then you laugh at him behind his back. And I know very well you'd be thrilled to death if Howard King should even mention such a thing as calling."

"I would not," said Billy with flaming cheeks. And then I begged her and she whispered, "Well, I suppose I would, Peg."

"Why, if Mr. Allen should ever call me up and say he was coming over, I can tell you I'd be thrilled. I admitted with my chin in the air. And then the telephone rang and both jumped. But it wasn't for either of us; it was the plumber to see if the leak he had just fixed in the pipes was holding all right."

"Speaking of being thrilled," said Billy disadantly. "Thank heaven, Peggy, you don't get into these moods very often. I guess I'll go back to that story. List in the part where you interrupted—Tears blinded her eyes and she leaped to her feet and seized him by the shoulder, all her anger ablaze."

"What on earth are you reading?" "Oh, just a magazine story, but it's pretty good. I'll tell you. Peg, I don't think it will be that way about things when the right man comes along. Anyway, what's the use of worrying?" And then Billy went back to her story and I stopped bothering her.

I guess it is a good thing that I don't get these moods often. Today I just hate myself. I don't wonder that people think I'm frivolous. I just make them think so by the way I act when I intend to be perfectly sensible all the while.

Even Kate went back on me the other day when she ran in to ask me for a book I had promised to lend her.

"Why, you lovely, frivolous thing," she said, looking at me in such a funny way. Just because I had on my new pink negligee and the Dutch cap Beatrice gave me for Christmas. "Do you always look so drowsy, or did you have an inkling that some one was coming?"

Kate is irritating sometimes and I remember that I was perfectly furious at the time. But I don't think it proves that I'm frivolous just because I like to look pretty. I remember that I told Dr. Hammond that same thing once long ago. Oh, I must think of something more cheerful; I would never do to meditate on Dr. Hammond just now.

"Oh, Billy," I said breathlessly, "how would you like gray velvet chinchilla with that gray mink hat?"

"Where?" said Billy, looking up vacantly.

And then I laughed and actually felt better.

Activities of Women.

Women of Alaska have full suffrage without opposition.

English women are rapidly taking to the game of la croasse.

Miss Charlotte McAuley has been acting as city attorney in Butte, Mont.

The Illinois Central railroad will employ women as gatemen at their terminals.

Miss Eleanor V. Barnard, who came to the United States to study American types, says that the American children excel in form and are a sturdier lot than those of her country.

Since Mrs. Cora W. Stewart took the position of superintendent of education in Rowan county, Kentucky, two years ago, she has succeeded in reducing the number of illiterates from 1,152 to 23.

The first woman to take up the diplomatic service as a profession has just been appointed in Christiania. She is Miss Henrietta Hoeg and is to be first secretary of the Norwegian legation in Mexico.

LAUGHTER WON A BATTLE

By JAMES LEWIS.

"How about an Indian story, colonel?" asked one of the Boy Scouts. "A story with a punch about some fight that you saw with your own eyes?"

The colonel reflected as he rubbed his stiff knee—the kneecap that was smashed by a ball from the rifle of a swarthy brave.

"Very well," he said. "I'll tell you about Olaf and Jens, two young Swedes we had with us when we went rampaging in Arizona. Olaf and Jens were good fellows, but Indian fighting was something new to them."

"How they got into the army I declare I don't know. They were always too far ahead, or too far behind, or too far to one side; and at first we had almost to hide them when we met Indians, for they didn't know enough to come in out of the bullets."

"We were in pursuit of the Indians, who were retreating through a very wild and dangerous region. We had marched steadily since sunrise, and we were dusty, dry, hungry, tired and cross. Moreover, we had good reason to suspect that Indians, and plenty of them, were near by."

"We approached a broad, shallow arroyo that was full of scrub trees, bushes, cacti and huge boulders. Our scouts, deploying cautiously, were just entering the fringe of low thickets on the edge of the arroyo, when a volley from behind the boulders and chaparral killed them to a man. The enemy had tricked us in spite of our watchfulness. They were on exactly their own kind of battle ground. We knew what sort of a murderous job it would be, to oust them from those boulders and brush."

"We simply had to get into the arroyo, where we could hide ourselves and fight the Indians in their own style, so the men scattered, and, yelling like the Indians themselves, ran at top speed for the arroyo. More were hit on that short run than we could afford to lose."

"We made another dash, a short one, diagonally across the arroyo, and flung ourselves behind a low bank. Crawling and running on our hands and feet, we gradually made a flank

movement, but we at last reached the rocks and had a fighting back. Our loss was heavy by that time and so far as we knew, not a single Indian had been killed.

"After two hours of peep-anhoot-quick fighting, night began to draw on. The Indians got bolder, and began to close in on us. If we owed an inch of hat brim, it was pipped off."

"Just then a big Missourian named Bill Humble suddenly bawled out: 'Look at the Swedes, why don't they go some plum crazy at all?'"

"All the men stopped flicking look. We saw Olaf and Jens waging blithering unknown kind of Indian warfare."

"What were they doing?" asked one of the younger scouts, a bit impatiently.

The colonel smiled. "Olaf and Jens were hiding behind a big boulder and they were shooting straight up the air as fast as they could load a fire."

"We watched them, so amazed that we almost forgot about the enemy. Bill Humble shouted at them: 'Here! What are you two doing?'"

"Jens blazed away at the zenith, and asked: 'What bun matter?'"

"Why are you crazy men shooting up in the sky? Bill yelled back: 'Well,' called back Jens, 'you can't see dem Indian fallars, and we can't shoot through de rocks, so we shoot up in de air so de bullets fall on dem.'"

"A shout of deep-throated laughter burst from the men who heard him, and the others took it up as the words passed along the line. In a few minutes everyone was laughing. 'Why, a man who had a bullet in his back grinned in spite of the pain.'"

"The way that laughter took the Indians was as strange as it was unexpected. They were suspicious and began to peep furtively round and over the boulders. One of them, a big hawk-beaked savage, exposed himself too much, and a soldier left off laughing long enough to shoot him."

"He happened to be the chief, and his braves, probably thinking that he was caused in some way by their hiding places and were soon going hotfoot down the crooked gulch."

The colonel paused and the scout who had proposed the story asked: "Was that all?"

"Well," the colonel answered, "it was—about all. It was the last fight of any consequence. I don't suppose that the official records mention it, but Olaf and Jens really ended that war."

To the Middle-Aged.

Say to yourself that you are entering upon the autumn of your life; that the graces of spring and the splendors of summer are irrevocably gone, but that autumn weather is often darkened by rain, cloud and mist, but the air is still soft, and the sun still lights the eyes, and touches the living leaves, excretingly, it is the time for fruit, for harvest, for the tag, the moment for making provision for the winter.—Amelia's Journal.

Art That Is Seldom Practiced.

Some people can talk fluently and think well at the same time, but you they seldom do so.

The Promise of Spring

Its in the air and many things are timely. For example—let us suggest it the work of

Wiring Your House

for

Electric Service

We're in the market to do it—cheaply and without inconvenience to the occupants.

Public Service Co. OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

MCALLS BROS.
WASHINGTON
OPTOMETRISTS
Graduates of McConick Optical College
INFANT TESTED GLASSES FITTED ARTIFICIAL EYES

Bell System
CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY
LOCAL LONG DISTANCE
BELL SYSTEM
NATIONAL TELEPHONE ATTITUDE

A generation ago, engagements, weddings, anniversaries and birthdays were largely neighborhood affairs. But communities have grown, suburbs have sprung up, and homes in the country separate many friends part of the year.

The handicap of distance often makes it impossible to extend congratulations in person. In this difficulty the Long Distance Telephone is indispensable. It is easier, quicker and more personal than a letter of congratulation, which is usually perfunctory and difficult to write.

Then, again, the Long Distance Telephone preserves the intimate, friendly touch.

Use the Long Distance Lines
CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY
Chas. T. Ford, District Manager

(Continued on page four)

parily a heart
not set. _____
Museum M
Japan has m
all the countrge,
eum of decr

The TIME LOCK

Author of
"The Silver Blade," "The Paternoster Ruby," Etc.

COPYRIGHT 1912 A.C.M. CLURG & CO

SYNOPSIS.

Rudolph Van Vechten, a young man of leisure, is astonished to see a man enter No. 1313, a house across the street from the Powhatan club, long unoccupied and spoken of as the House of Mystery. Several persons at regular intervals enter No. 1313. Van Vechten expresses concern to his friend, Tom Phinney, regarding the whereabouts of his cousin and fiancée, Felice Carow. A fashionably attired woman is seen to enter the House of Mystery.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

The door had been closed behind the girl a minute or such a matter, when Van Vechten and Phinney saw it jerked partially open and at once banged violently shut again. In truth, they both plainly heard the concussion. Van Vechten rose and pressed nearer to the window, his gaze intent upon the door across the way.

"By Jupiter!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Tom, there's a scuffle going on over there, or I'm an Indian!" And his surmise was promptly affirmed. The door flew open with a final jerk and a brawny man could be seen standing upon the threshold. He was so large that he fairly blocked the doorway; his back was to the street; but it was plain that he was struggling with somebody beyond.

Save for themselves, the room was now once more deserted (since the passage of the luncheon hour) and there was nobody else to witness the abrupt termination of the affair.

Suddenly the man drew back his right arm and struck a mighty blow straight from the shoulder.

"Bing!" shouted Tom in gleeful admiration. "Oh, my! Wouldn't I hate to get a punch like that!"

Whoever did, obviously had no fear of stomach for opposing the truculent one, for the latter tore loose and down the steps. Van Vechten and Phinney recognized him as the man who had arrived at noon—Number eleven, they afterwards called him, relating him with the hour. He was big and considerably disheveled, and otherwise he appeared to be the worse for the struggle.

Never, there was no mistaking that he was exceedingly

Once on the walk, he turned back his clenched fist at the closed portal; with a quivering of the arm that signified a passing and surging for adequate

Then he apparently realized the futility of upbraiding an unresponsive door, for he swung round off at a rapid pace.

"Tom!" Van Vechten was up and going at his friend's arm.

"We must overtake that

speed that amazed Tom, Van

the way to the street. The

talking rapidly, and as they

from the club entrance he

ending the corner into Lex-

ing. The gait of the pur-

almost a run when they

corner the same corner, in spite of

which they had not gained upon their

ill There was Something Afoot Here

That Teased and Perplexed Him.

They saw him disappear east-

Twenty-third street.

ed with the neigh-

lighted ventured;

the Twenty-third

ay turned into

good deal had

group of people

by mouth mid-

others were to

ard the same

Tom ex-

response was

asure on the

quitted himself so vigorously but a few short seconds previously, was lying at their feet—dead.

CHAPTER IV.

The Face in the Crowd.

Up to the present moment the two young men had been confronted only by a series of mystifying incidents, baffling, to be sure, but bearing nothing sinister upon their face; and unless Van Vechten's more recent perturbation (at sight of the veiled lady) be taken into account, neither had the morning's queer events borne any especial significance whatsoever.

But here, in the twinkling of an eye, was tragedy stark and grim. Only a minute or two ago and this man was pulsing with the perfect vitality of young, vigorous manhood; now the spark of life was blown—extinguished, as one might puff out the flame of a candle.

Both were profoundly sobered by the shocking end of their brief chase, and even Van Vechten's more active mentality was slow to accept realization. As for Tom Phinney, he merely stood gaping at the still form, his brain for the time being utterly benumbed.

The spell of horror was in a measure broken by a policeman's belated arrival. He stooped and turned up the man's face, and a thin crimson line could be seen staining the left temple. The features were composed, as if death had been kind and mercifully swift.

"Slugged," was the officer's sententious conclusion. Standing upright, he shot a glance round the crowd. "Who saw this done?" he roughly demanded.

Nobody replied; only an uneasy stirring undulated through the small gathering, which promptly settled again into silent immobility; and the blue-coat, as usually happens in such cases, sought to cover with rudeness his incompetency to handle the situation.

It was at about this juncture, Van Vechten forever afterwards remembered, that he first became aware of the face. He was standing, behind Tom, a bit to his left, and opposite the alley mouth. His entire attention, naturally enough, up to this time had been absorbed by the ugly scene at his feet. It was all the more strange, therefore, that his mind should have been attracted and held elsewhere, even temporarily. But nevertheless, all at once he experienced an indefinable, irresistible impulse to glance upward at a certain point in the ring of onlookers. And his regard came to rest upon a particular face.

Straightway he became sensible of an unfamiliar thrill, an abrupt quickening of the pulse, for which he could not in the least account.

Perhaps he would have looked away again at once had there not come to him, as instantaneously as had the impulse to glance upward, a conviction that the face signified something far out of the ordinary. The present circumstances might in a measure account for the horror mirrored there, but not for the despair, the terror, which seemed gradually to be chilling the face's owner into a statue of ice. The face, Van Vechten told himself, was reflecting emotions of a depth and potency for which the man's death alone was wholly inadequate to account; the fixed stare was directed at something beyond and behind the lifeless figure.

It was a girl's face. It was refined and delicate of contour, and was framed in a nimbus of wavy midnight hair. It was, moreover, a strikingly beautiful face—even hauntingly beautiful, for it was a face which the beholder would not be likely to forget for many and many a day. Van Vechten knew that he had never seen the girl before; still there was something about her that teased and perplexed him.

He knew dimly, later, that she must have been slender and not very tall, for she was standing in the paved alley, on the crowd's outward edge, and it was only an accident of relative positions that afforded her an uninter-

rupted view.

What terrible, gripping horror was that that seemed to be paralyzing all her faculties? What did this man's death signify to her more than it did to any one else here present?

To one such as Van Vechten, accustomed to reading the all but imperceptible nuances of schooled features, this vision was like a naked human soul. Terror and despair parted the delicate pink lips and widened the lustrous dark eyes, they blanched her cheeks and held her breathless, utterly oblivious of aught else save the dead man.

And now he discovered, suddenly, that he was not the only person interested in the agitated girl. His attention was somehow drawn to a man standing a half dozen or so feet from her; a tall, raw-boned fellow with a powerful frame and a sullen cast of countenance—a countenance just now scratched and bruised, as if its owner had recently met with a severe accident of some kind.

This man was staring angrily at the girl. He too seemed to be oblivious of

the dead man, and intent only upon catching her eye. And then the magnetism of his look had its effect; her eyes were drawn to his, and she came to herself with a start. A tinge of color appeared in her cheeks; but Van Vechten observed that the terror and despair still lingered in her eyes.

Van Vechten turned his attention to the man with something like resentment stirring in his bosom, for the fellow's manner suggested a proprietary relationship toward the girl, which, for a reason he did not attempt just then to explain, made him angry. As far as attire went, the man was presentable enough; but Van Vechten was not favorably predisposed by the sullen, battered countenance, the coarse, sandy hair, nor the his, loose-jointed, powerful body.

Then the cautioning glance was of a sudden accounted for; the man, satisfied that the girl had caught his mean-

ly pace back to the Powhatan. Once more to themselves, and Tom Phinney's volubility returned.

"Why the dickens didn't you want to tell him what you know?" he demanded.

The answer was uttered softly.

"Tom, whatever reasons I may have I couldn't put into words. At least, I shouldn't attempt to just now. You surely know what a 'hunch' is; your scheme of life seems largely to be governed by them."

"Huh!" grunted Tom, without understanding, but inadvertently hitting upon a part of the reason for his friend's reticence. "It is the veiled lady in the taxi; you think you are on the scent of an adventure. Huh! No adventure there. She was a lady, I can tell you that."

The other gave him a sharp glance, as if estimating the degree of his perspicacity. How much could Tom tell?

"Tom"—after a moment—"If you must talk—and I know your intentions as compared with your intentions—promise me that you will not mention the lady in the taxi to anybody."

Van Vechten's manner was so deliberate and grave that Tom favored him with a questioning stare.

"Why, sure, Ruddy," was the prompt and hearty response—"If it's as serious as all that. You know her—what?"

"No, I don't. But I think that I should—which is quite a different thing."

He knew that one phase of the morning's happenings would not be too much for Tom to keep to himself, and for some unexplained reason Van Vechten wanted it to be the mysterious lady of the taxi-cab.

As they were turning into the Powhatan's granite archway, Van Vechten bent an inquisitive glance toward Number 1313. His curiosity was now immeasurably augmented by a fresh interest. And he received another shock—one that fairly staggered him.

For the first time in all the months that he had surveyed the silent facade, he caught a movement at one of the blinds. It was drawn aside, and he was afforded a momentary glimpse of a girl's face—the face of the girl in the crowd.

But it was not this circumstance alone that stirred him. She was gazing directly at him with a look that was both bitterly scornful and accusing.

In this new men the face was even more beautiful than he had dared hope for. But why should she be withering him with a look of contemptuous disdain and rebuke? He had never in all his life seen her face before this day.

He was actually stung to an involuntary expression of protest.

"My God! Don't—don't look at me like that!"

"Er—what?" Tom jerked out, sprawling around and following Van Vechten's gaze.

But the blinds were again closed.

"You need a cocktail," Tom counseled pitifully after a pause. "This thing of not going to bed at night so as to be up before noon has got you to seeing things."

"My dear fellow," was the composed reply, "you can't imagine how emphatically correct you are in that conclusion." And as they passed inside: "No cocktail, though, thanks. And if you do not mind, go talk to somebody else; I want to think."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Interest in Colors of Beards.

The color of beards arouses many points of interest. All the ancient tapestries show Cain and Judas Iscariot with yellow or red beards, and Pontius Pilate in ancient art always was given a beard. (Being a Roman of good family, he probably had no beard; but those details did not trouble the old masters.) A reddish beard, however, does not carry the significance that goes with red hair, for many eminent men with dark brown hair have had reddish beards.

Lord Strathcona, ninety-three years old, thinks Nothing of a Journey of 7,000 Miles.

Lord Strathcona, high commissioner of Canada, who recently celebrated his ninety-third birthday, returned to London after a lightning journey to Canada, in the course of which he covered over 7,000 miles in 16 days. Lady Strathcona, who is eighty-nine, accompanied her husband.

"I enjoyed the trip immensely and feel all the better for it," said Lord Strathcona. "A journey like that is a mere nothing in these days of luxurious boats and trains. I really forgot how many crossings I have made altogether, but I hope this won't be the last. I have been going backward and

forward to America for the last 70 years. It has become so much of a habit that I never think of the fatigue, if there is any. My limo was fully occupied. I reached New York on the Friday after my departure, transacted some private business and left early the next morning for Montreal, where I attended quite a number of functions, besides looking after my correspondence."

What Did He Want?

One of the men in a certain company of British territorialists made a disparaging remark about the man in front of him. The victim turned with indignation and assumed a fighting attitude. Then the captain remarked, sharply: "That will do there. We don't want any fighting men in this regiment."

Believes There Is a Good Deal in Some Names

M. LADISLAS LAZARO, representative from the Seventh Louisiana district and successor to Arsene Fuje, head of the now famous "money trust" investigating committee, believes there is a good deal in a name when it comes to running for congress. Dr. Lazaro is fairly well satisfied that had he run for office under the patronymic of his grandfather he would have been defeated before his friends and neighbors could have mastered the name of their candidate.

The new congressman's real name is Lazaro Bladonovitch, although he has gone into the records of congress as Mr. Lazaro. His grandfather, a Russian, went to Louisiana with the upstart name, but in succeeding years the French descendants who became his friends and associates gradually eliminated it from their vocabulary and called him Lazaro.

Two generations have now grown up in Louisiana under that name, although cousins and relatives in other parts of the United States still use the paternal name of Bladonovitch.

ENJOYS TRAVEL IN OLD AGE

Lord Strathcona, Ninety-Three Years Old, Thinks Nothing of a Journey of 7,000 Miles.

Lord Strathcona, high commissioner of Canada, who recently celebrated his ninety-third birthday, returned to London after a lightning journey to Canada, in the course of which he covered over 7,000 miles in 16 days. Lady Strathcona, who is eighty-nine, accompanied her husband.

"I enjoyed the trip immensely and feel all the better for it," said Lord Strathcona. "A journey like that is a mere nothing in these days of luxurious boats and trains. I really forgot how many crossings I have made altogether, but I hope this won't be the last. I have been going backward and

forward to America for the last 70 years. It has become so much of a habit that I never think of the fatigue, if there is any. My limo was fully occupied. I reached New York on the Friday after my departure, transacted some private business and left early the next morning for Montreal, where I attended quite a number of functions, besides looking after my correspondence."

What Did He Want?

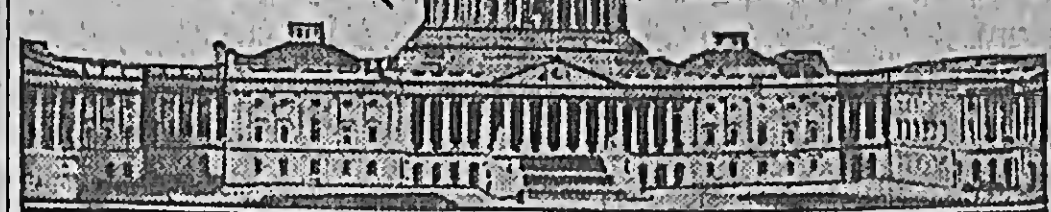
One of the men in a certain company of British territorialists made a disparaging remark about the man in front of him. The victim turned with indignation and assumed a fighting attitude. Then the captain remarked, sharply: "That will do there. We don't want any fighting men in this regiment."

Believes There Is a Good Deal in Some Names

M. LADISLAS LAZARO, representative from the Seventh Louisiana district and successor to Arsene Fuje, head of the now famous "money trust" investigating committee, believes there is a good deal in a name when it comes to running for congress. Dr. Lazaro is fairly well satisfied that had he run for office under the patronymic of his grandfather he would have been defeated before his friends and neighbors could have mastered the name of their candidate.

The new congressman's real name is Lazaro Bladonovitch, although he has gone into the records of congress as Mr. Lazaro. His grandfather, a Russian, went to Louisiana with the upstart name, but in succeeding years the French descendants who became his friends and associates gradually eliminated it from their vocabulary and called him Lazaro.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Capital Calling System Is Revamped by Women

WASHINGTON—Women in official society circles met here the other day and discussed the national capital's complex calling system with a view to evolving a simpler and more satisfactory method of exchange of the formal call. The meeting was held at the Congressional club in response to a call by Mrs. Duncan U. Fletcher, its president.

Former Ambassador Henry White, who served on diplomatic missions to London, Paris, Rome and other European capitals, told of social obligations as he had observed them abroad.

Among those in attendance were Mrs. Marshall, wife of the vice-president; Mrs. Bryan, wife of the secretary of state; Mrs. White, wife of the chief justice of the Supreme court, wives of cabinet officers and others.

Mrs. Fletcher voiced the sentiment of those present by declaring the necessity for a simpler calling system was imperative. Everybody, she said, wants to return every call that is made upon them, but there is a limit of hours in the day and days in the week.

"On her first afternoon at home," said Mrs. Fletcher, "Mrs. Marshall had a thousand calls and they have averaged between 300 and 500 each Wednesday since. Her sincere effort to return every call has been the comment and admiration of all Washington society, but how can anybody return in person several thousand calls in one season? Mrs. Marshall's experience is in greater or less degree duplicated by every official hostess in Washington."

The question of simplifying formal calling in Washington has been growing more acute during the last ten years, but this meeting was the first attempt at simplification.

1000 CALLS TO BE MADE

On her first afternoon at home, Mrs. Marshall had a thousand calls and they have averaged between 300 and 500 each Wednesday since.

Her sincere effort to return every call has been the comment and admiration of all Washington society, but how can anybody return in person several thousand calls in one season? Mrs. Marshall's experience is in greater or less degree duplicated by every official hostess in Washington.

The question of simplifying formal calling in Washington has been growing more acute during the last ten years, but this meeting was the first attempt at simplification.

1000 CALLS TO BE MADE

On her first afternoon at home, Mrs. Marshall had a thousand calls and they have averaged between 300 and 500 each Wednesday since.

Her sincere effort to return every call has been the comment and admiration of all Washington society, but how can anybody return in person several thousand calls in one season? Mrs. Marshall's experience is in greater or less degree duplicated by every official hostess in Washington.

The question of simplifying formal calling in Washington has been growing more acute during the last ten years, but this meeting was the first attempt at simplification.

1000 CALLS TO BE MADE

On her first afternoon at home, Mrs. Marshall had a thousand calls and they have averaged between 300 and 500 each Wednesday since.

Her sincere effort to return every call has been the comment and admiration of all Washington society, but how can anybody return in person several thousand calls in one season? Mrs. Marshall's experience is in greater or less degree duplicated by every official hostess in Washington.

The question of simplifying formal calling in Washington has been growing more acute during the last ten years, but this meeting was the first attempt at simplification.

1000 CALLS TO BE MADE

On her first afternoon at home, Mrs. Marshall had a thousand calls and they have averaged between 300 and 500 each Wednesday since.

Her sincere effort to return every call has been the comment and admiration of all Washington society, but how can anybody return in person several thousand calls in one season? Mrs. Marshall's experience is in greater or less degree duplicated by every official hostess in Washington.

The question of simplifying formal calling in Washington has been growing more acute during the last ten years, but this meeting was the first attempt at simplification.

1000 CALLS TO BE MADE

On her first afternoon at home, Mrs. Marshall had a thousand calls and they have averaged between 300 and 500 each Wednesday since.

Her sincere effort to return every call has been the comment and admiration of all Washington society, but how can anybody return in person several thousand calls in one season? Mrs. Marshall's experience is in greater or less degree duplicated by every official hostess in Washington.

The question of simplifying formal calling in Washington has been growing more acute during the last ten years, but this meeting was the first attempt at simplification.

1000 CALLS TO BE MADE

On her first afternoon at home, Mrs. Marshall had a thousand calls and they have averaged between 300 and 500 each Wednesday since.

Her sincere effort to return every call has been the comment and admiration of all Washington society, but how can anybody return in person several thousand calls in one season? Mrs. Marshall's experience is in greater or less degree duplicated by every official hostess in Washington.

The question of simplifying formal calling in Washington has been growing more acute during the last ten years, but this meeting was the first attempt at simplification.

1000 CALLS TO BE MADE

On her first afternoon at home, Mrs. Marshall had a thousand calls and they have averaged between 300 and 500 each Wednesday since.

Her sincere effort to return every call has been the comment and admiration of all Washington society, but how can anybody return in person several thousand calls in one season? Mrs. Marshall's experience is in greater or less degree duplicated by every official hostess in Washington.

The question of simplifying formal calling in Washington has been growing more acute during the last ten years, but this meeting was the first attempt at simplification.

1000 CALLS TO BE MADE

On her first afternoon at home, Mrs. Marshall had a thousand calls and they have averaged between 300 and 500 each Wednesday since.

Her sincere effort to return every call has been the comment and admiration of all Washington society, but how can anybody return in person several thousand calls in one season? Mrs. Marshall's experience is in greater or less degree duplicated by every official hostess in Washington.

The question of simplifying formal calling in Washington has been growing more acute during the last ten years, but this meeting was the first attempt at simplification.

1000 CALLS TO BE MADE

On her first afternoon at home, Mrs. Marshall had a thousand calls and they have averaged between 300 and 500 each Wednesday since.

Her sincere effort to return every call has been the comment and admiration of all Washington society, but how can anybody return in person several thousand calls in one season? Mrs. Marshall's experience is in greater or less degree duplicated by every official hostess in Washington.

The question of simplifying formal calling in Washington has been growing more acute during the last ten years, but this meeting was the first attempt at simplification.

1000 CALLS TO BE MADE

On her first afternoon at home, Mrs. Marshall had a thousand calls and they have averaged between 300 and 500 each Wednesday since.

Her sincere effort to return every call has been the comment and admiration of all Washington society, but how can anybody return in person several thousand calls in one season? Mrs. Marshall's experience is in greater or less degree duplicated by every official hostess in Washington.

The question of simplifying formal calling in Washington has been growing more acute during the last ten years, but this meeting was the first attempt at simplification.

MAKES HARD WORK HARDER

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

AN ILLINOIS CASE
 "Every Picture Tells a Story"
 "I am 52 years old, 1125 Sixth Ave., Monticello, Ill. My business required much horseback riding, and the constant jarring weakened my kidneys. I had terrible backaches and was often laid up for months. I couldn't turn in bed at night. I lost sleep, lost weight, lost appetite, but I got worse. Finally, I took Doan's Kidney Pills and five boxes cured me. I have since enjoyed good health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
 FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.

As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At drug stores, 50c. large box, or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

GO TO, WESTERN CANADA NOW

The opportunity of securing free homesteads of 160 acres each, and the low priced lands of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, will soon have passed.

Canada offers a hearty welcome to the settler, for the man with a family looking for a home, to the farmer's son, to the renter to all who wish to live under better conditions.

Canada's grain yield in 1913 is the largest in the world. Luxuriant Grasses give cheap fodder for large herds; cost of raising and fattening for market is a trifle.

The sum realized for Beef, Butter, Milk and Cheese will pay fifty per cent on the investment.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

C. J. Brumfield, 616 Broadway, N. Y. C., 1122 Broadway, N. Y. C., 1122 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Canadian Government Agent.

Do You Wish to Enjoy

the comfort of a clear head, a sweet stomach, keen appetite and a good digestion?

USE **WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS**

Send for free sample to Wright's Indian Vegetable Pill Co., 372 Pearl Street, New York

NAVARRE

FIREPROOF 71 AVENUE & 38TH ST. HOTEL

30 FEET FROM BROADWAY

From GRAND CENTRAL STATION

PERMANENT, 4 Blocks

350 ROOMS BATHS 200

1 room with bath \$1.50

Other rooms with bath \$2.00, \$2.50

rooms for two persons \$2.50, \$3.00

COINAGE (in Canteen) MUSIC

EDGAR T. SMITH, Managing Director.

THE FINEST POULTRY CATALOGUE

DE GRAFF THE LEADING R. I. RED SPECIALIST

PLEASE SEND FOR MY CATALOGUE

FREE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS

Readers of this paper desiring to buy any of the books in the columns should send their name and address to the publisher.

READERS of this paper desiring to buy any of the books in the columns should send their name and address to the publisher.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

HARD TO BEAT FOR THRIFT

Welsh Farmer Could Give Pointers on Economy to Even the Proverbial Careful Scotsman.

Not long ago at a meeting the Welsh farmer was being generally reproved for his extravagance. The lecturer seems to have been taken to heart, says the Cardiff Western Mail. That is the conviction, at any rate, of a gentleman who was motoring in South Wales the other day.

While he was waiting in a village a farmer drove up, hitched his horse to a post and carefully muzzled the animal with a feeding bag. The farmer then went around to the back of his cart and took out of it a chicken with a piece of string to one leg.

With the string he fastened the chicken to the hitching post so that it could pick up the oats dropped from the horse's nosebag.

THE BEST TREATMENT FOR ITCHING SCALPS, DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

To allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, the following special treatment is most effective, agreeable and economical. On retiring, comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make a parting, gently rubbing Cuticura Ointment into the parting with a bit of soft flannel held over the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated, the purpose being to get the Cuticura Ointment on the scalp skin rather than on the hair. It is well to place a light covering over the hair to protect the pillow from possible stains. The next morning, shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Office Boy's Ambition.

The office boy was confiding to me the other day his ambitions to be a big man with our firm. He wanted to sit in a private office, take a couple of hours for lunch and "lord it" over a couple of hundred employees as does the G. M. at present. "I'll be the boss of this joint some day," he told me.

But that office boy is doomed to disappointment unless he changes his ways materially in the next few years. In the first place, he's a loafer. He never does anything unless he is told. It's because he doesn't use his brain that he appears stupid. He never uses his powers of intuition. He can't out-guess the boss and "beat him to an idea." He lacks forethought and he's growing worse every day. Until that boy overcomes that listless inertia he'll never amount to anything.—Exchange.

His "Melody" Unappreciated.

Early during his struggle for fame, Al Jolson, musical comedy star, was a member of a small opera company. "I had a pretty fair voice," says the comedian, "and to give volume to our rather small chorus I would stand in the wings and help out. One night just as I was cadenzing my best, the manager of the troupe tripped up behind me and heard me sing."

"Say," he said, "don't do that. They're liable to hear you out front."

Careful Man.

"So you are deaf and dumb?" "Perfectly. But I will not say a word except in the presence of my attorney."

NOT A MIRACLE

Just Plain Cause and Effect.

There are some quite remarkable things happening every day, which seem almost miraculous.

Some persons would not believe that a man could suffer from coffee drinking so severely as to cause spells of unconsciousness. And to find relief in changing from coffee to Postum is well worth recording.

"I used to be a great coffee drinker, so much so that it was killing me by inches. My heart became so weak I would fall and be unconscious for an hour at a time."

"My friends, and even the doctor, told me it was drinking coffee that caused the trouble. I would not believe it, and still drank coffee until I could not leave my room."

"Then my doctor, who drinks Postum himself, persuaded me to stop coffee and try Postum. After much hesitation I concluded to try it. That was eight months ago. Since then I have had but few of those spells, none for more than four months."

"I feel better, sleep better and am better every way. I now drink nothing but Postum and touch no coffee, and as I am seventy years of age all my friends think the improvement quite remarkable."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.—and by Grocers.

INFERTILE EGG IS BEST

Has Greater Keeping Qualities and Is Safer Food.

Hen Must Be Carefully Fed and Protected From Disease If She Is Expected to Do Her Duty Faithfully.

By J. B. BURROWS,

Director, Illinois Farmers' Institute. Just now when the fresh egg is one of the greatest luxuries we can have upon our tables, it may not be out of the way to reflect a little upon some of the reasons for its scarcity.

Whether we are to consider the egg as fresh or packed, the problem is the same and its solution is well within the reach of every farmer's wife who is half-way interested in studying the matter in an intelligent way. The problem then is this: How shall we produce the eggs of first-class quality that will keep indefinitely? Some have labored under the misapprehension that eggs were eggs, without taking into consideration the fact that there may be radical differences in freshly laid eggs that materially affect their keeping qualities. Like a good many small considerations on the farm, poultry has had to shift for itself with the understanding that somehow it will take care of itself, and has seldom been regarded in the proper light of importance with the other branches of farm production, in other words, it has often been neglected and not handled with even intelligent care.

When we remember that egg production, according to the records of our farm flocks, of today, is altogether an artificial matter from every standpoint and that the wild hen of the jungle was expected only to lay her nest full of eggs for the express purpose of reproducing her kind, we shall understand that the modern hen is capable of rendering the most efficient service only when she has every careful attention, and that some of these attentions must of necessity be artificial.

If the egg-producing hen is herself the result of careful selection, heredity must first of all be considered one of the potent factors in egg production. All the conclusions of the late experiments point to the fact that "there is more in the feed than the breed," so, after using the hereditary principle for all it will do, we must naturally employ every means of furnishing our egg machine with materials for making the eggs. Then we must remember that only in the highest state of health can she be expected to do her duty and every inducement must be offered in the way of protection against disease. One of the standard preparations is the safest insurance against disease germs of all kinds, on account of its penetrating and enduring qualities.

The early pullets and hens that are quite recovered from the effects of moulting (so easily hastened by the use of small feeds of oil meal) are the ones to furnish the high-priced eggs at this season.

If the egg is to be of the highest quality, it must be the infertile egg, at once the result of breeding, feeding and protection against disease, and this kind of an egg can readily be kept fresh for an indefinite period. The fertile egg, produced for purposes of incubation, is sometimes unsafe, as an article of diet after the first twelve hours with ordinary care. To accomplish the result, by far the most important provision and one so commonly neglected through ignorance, is to sell, kill or confine all male birds as soon as the hatching season is over. Contrary to the belief of many, such an arrangement has absolutely no influence whatever upon egg production, but, in connection with other suggestions offered above, furnishes a safeguard against the losses of eggs which have been placed by the department at Washington at fifteen million dollars worth annually from this source alone.

SPREAD MANURE IN SPRING

By M. COVERDELL.

A great many farmers argue that manure must be spread during the winter in order to be of any benefit to the ground the following season. Our experience disproves this argument and goes still a step further, proving that manure spread even in the late spring will greatly improve the crop that season.

Last spring after our corn had been planted, stray manure and refuse from the feed lots were hauled out and spread over the corn field. Partly as an experiment we chose a little slope where the ground was thin and gravelly.

When the corn came up it soon took on a deeper and healthier hue where the manure had been spread and the growth of the plant was more rapidly promoted than in other portions of the field.

Also, this particular spot was almost entirely free from weed pests of any kind during the whole season, the manure forming a sort of mulch which smothered out weeds.

These favorable conditions were maintained until corn gathering when there was a marked difference in the yield of corn in a certain portion of the field, the difference being several bushels more per acre in favor of the ground on which the manure was spread after planting.

Sun Baths for Milk Pails.

Utilize the sunshine as much as possible for cleansing milk-pails and cream cans. A "sun bath" is as good, if not better, than a hot-water bath, as far as the destruction of the deadly microbe is concerned. It is very little trouble to put your cream cans outside in the sun, nothing sweeter than so well, providing they have been scalded in hot water before hand.

DRAINING A POULTRY PLANT

Depends on Nature of Soil and Contour of Plot, and Requires Careful Study.

By H. A. M'KEENE,

Secretary Illinois Farmers' Institute.

If the poultry plant is located upon a strong, retentive clay soil, naturally too wet for the health and comfort of the flocks, it may be advisable to underdrain the land. First of all the poultryman should ascertain how and where the surplus water enters his land. Sometimes the water comes by surface or underground flowage from adjoining land. In such case it may be possible to make a trench across the slope so as to cut off this flowage before it enters the poultry plant and thus render the land of the plant sufficiently dry. An open ditch may answer the purpose or a stone drain three or four feet deep will catch and convey away the superfluous water. Large tiles can be used at the bottom of the trench and the space from the tile to the surface may be filled with small stones or coarse gravel so that any surface or subflowage will be intercepted and conveyed to the bottom drain. If the land still remains too wet a system of underdrains becomes necessary.

Numerous stones are at hand and it is especially desired to clear the land of them, stone drains may be constructed which will answer the purpose for a number of years. The best drains are made from farm drain tiles and once well laid will last a lifetime.

Water stands in almost all soils. It is desirable that it should, but the level of the standing water (the water table) should not be too near the surface of the soil. Certainly the water should not stand upon the surface except in the case of the duck pond. It is most undesirable to have water stagnate on or in the soil. If the soil is not naturally porous enough to let the water move away through it, we make artificial channels for it three or four feet under the surface.

The tiles most used are cylindrical in cross section and about one foot in length. They are made of clay and burned like bricks. They are more or less porous, but admit the water mostly between the joints where the ends of the sections meet. They are made of different sizes. To do this work of underdrainage right it should be carefully and systematically planned.

Make the measurements necessary and then draw a map of the land showing its boundaries and also its contour, i. e., its varying elevation. This latter is accomplished by drawing lines within the boundaries representing given levels above the level of the proposed outlet for the system. The matter may then be studied out on paper during spare hours.

ONIONS FROM THE SEED

Seed onions are of better flavor, and keep longer, and are more profitable to grow than sets, though some fail to grow them in the home garden because they are more difficult to keep clean of weeds.

The best way to raise onions from seed is by sowing the seed in a bed or cold-frame, early in the season, and transplanting later to the row where they are to grow.

A small section of the hotbed will grow 1,000 plants (all they are the size of quills, or they can be crowded). By that time the ground will be warm, and all seed will have germinated so that the plants may be set in clean ground that has been worked over to kill all the young weeds.

If one lacks for room in the hotbed, the seed may be sown in a sheltered place, an old brush heap, ashbed, or some place where the soil is good.

If there is room to sow the seed in drills six inches apart, they may be worked some to keep from growing before they are transplanted.

When you are ready to transplant them, wet the ground and pull the plants, and then cut off about half the top and slightly tip the roots.

Set the plants from two to three inches apart in the row, and in rows fifteen inches apart. If very dry, use water when transplanting, and every one will live.

If the soil has been well manured with stable manure, or poultry droppings, and worked over several times before the onions are transplanted to the rows, there will be but few weeds to contend with, and the plants will not be checked in growth.

Onions should be pulled and placed to dry in the shade, when the tops begin to turn yellow and drop over, which is usually in August.

MULCH THE STRAWBERRIES

Mulch the strawberries after the first deep freeze to prevent injury to the plants from alternate freezing and thawing. Freezing in itself does not injure ordinary cultivated plants to the ground, but alternate and sudden freezing does much damage by lifting the plants and breaking roots and rupturing vegetable tissues. A covering of litter will enable them to thaw out gradually that little injury will result.

Sun Baths for Milk Pails.

Utilize the sunshine as much as possible for cleansing milk-pails and cream cans. A "sun bath" is as good, if not better, than a hot-water bath, as far as the destruction of the deadly microbe is concerned. It is very little trouble to put your cream cans outside in the sun, nothing sweeter than so well, providing they have been scalded in hot water before hand.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT
 Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral
NOT NARCOTIC

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL LITZKA

Pumpkin Seed -
 Licorice -
 Sassafras -
 Aloe -
 Syrup -
 Castor Oil -
 Sugar -
 Water -

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Dr. J. C. H. H. H.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
 NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. H. H. H.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Explained.
 Patience—Thought it was against the law to wear algorties?
 Patrice—That's not an algortie; that's her husband's shaving-brush she's got stuck in her hat.

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The Rev. Edmund Heslop of Wigan, Pa., suffered from Dropsy for a year. His limbs and feet were swollen and puffed. He had heart fluttering, was dizzy and exhausted at the least exertion. Hands and feet were cold and he had such a dragging sensation across the loins that it was difficult to move.

After using 5 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills the swelling disappeared and he felt himself again. He says he has been benefited and blessed by the use of Dodds Kidney Pills. Several months later he wrote: I have not changed my faith in your remedy since the above statement was authorized. Correspond with Rev. E. Heslop about this wonderful remedy.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Psychological Moment.
 Crawford—What is the best time for a man to get home at night?
 Grabsaw—When his wife is asleep.—Judge.

FREE
 If you have a home in the future, write me a letter making it "pleasant" and use my name in the advertisement. I will send you a copy of my book, "How to Build a Home." Write to me at once. LLOYD M. GINNIE, 1711 N. 1st St., St. Paul, Minn.

BIG COLORADO RANCH

Offer the biggest and best in the grain belt, entire or cut up in small farms to suit. A money-maker 1500 acres; 4000 up, according to choice; long time it lasted. Free description and map. Write to me at once. VERT L. BARNHOUSE, GARY, COLORADO.

LADIES Our \$1.50 Beauty Book and a shampoo for \$1.00. Write for particulars. Dramur & Hughes, P.O. 25, Chicago.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D.C. 1000. U.S. Pat. 1,000,000. High-class references. Best results.

FOR ALL EYE FAILS Pettit's Eye Salve

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 12-1914.

A "Helping Hand" Extended to the Middle Aged Woman

THERE comes a time in every woman's life when her organism undergoes an important change. This is a critical period. It is a time when a woman needs her full health and strength. For your own sake you should anticipate this turning point.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

The latest in medical science is contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. A Complete Medical Advice, now revised edition of 1000 pages, only 31c. Address Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo.

has been recommended for over forty years as a tonic for women who are about to experience "the turn of life." It is helpful in the equalization of the circulation of the blood and in regulating the action of the bowels. Nervousness and low spirits disappear. Happiness and contentment take their place.

Sold in tablet or liquid form by Medicine Dealers—or send 50 cents for sample box.

HOOSIER BINDER TWINE

Direct from Factory **8 1/2c** Treated for Insects Fully Guaranteed **Tested & Weighed**

Orders for 500 lbs. or more, 2 per cent off, or good note due Sep. 1st, 1914, without interest. Car lot prices on application. Prices f.o.b. factory. Retail by any form of exchange. Order by letter, or send for blanks. Careful attention to club orders. E. J. Fogarty, Supt., Hoosier Twine Mills, Michigan City, Ind.

Guaranteed Everbearing Strawberry

The new overbearing strawberries are now an established commercial success. We have over 40 acres set solidly to Superb, American, Perpetual Motion, Progressive, \$1,000,000 and other new seedlings of our own breeding. We have sizes, shapes, colors and flavors of the common strawberries, except that instead of fruiting a few days during regular strawberry time, our Everbearers bear a crop during summer and fall of same year set. Then the following year at regular berry time these Everbearers will produce an extra large crop and continue fruiting through the summer and fall months.

Now is the time to get started with these new berries. People are very fond of berries and we have these luscious Everbearers sell over all other fruits during the fall months. They are very hardy and not subject to damage by frosts. The root system enables them to produce fine, large berries during the hot, dry summer.

Get Acquainted Offer. Send us 10c for mailing expense and we will send you at once 5 high quality, overbearing strawberry plants (worth \$1) and guarantee them to fruit three full months, or money refunded. Catalog with complete history of these wonderful berries is free.

THE GARDNER NURSERY COMPANY, Box 168, OSAGE, ILLINOIS

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00

Advertising Rates Will be Furnished Upon Application

Telephone Antioch 581

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914

STEPHEN KENNEDY

ARRESTED

(Continued from page one.)

"What he had in mind was to see just how he had to hit the bunch of dynamite in order to have it explode," said the officer, who questioned as to what he believed Kennedy was planning to do said: "I believe he deposited that satchel there with the idea of rushing back into the office, pulling the gun from his pocket firing into the satchel and blowing up everybody who was in range of the explosive and the guns. The .44 calibre gun in the case, was set in such a way that it pointed down in the bank."

The statement that Kennedy planned going to the flats caused the police to give credence to the statement made sometime ago that Kennedy was shooting at dynamite on the Lake shore north of town some weeks ago when the city was shaken by an explosive which resembled an earthquake and which many felt might have been a meteor which dropped into the lake. The belief now is that after all, it was Kennedy who was experimenting on the lake shore.

Asked where he got the dynamite, Kennedy said he purchased it in Chicago at Montgomery Ward's for experimental purposes.

When he was taken into the station Kennedy looked pale and haggard, in fact he has looked badly for sometime and his friends have felt sorry for him long because he appeared melancholy, sick and down hearted all the time.

His animus towards certain persons has caused many to fear dire results and that is why the officers now feel the time has come when it is not safe to permit him to be out.

President Durr of the Security Savings Bank did not know of the Kennedy incident until 2 o'clock when a reporter told him what a close call it was felt the bank had had.

One theory was that Kennedy placed the satchel where he did in the Upton office, that he planned returning to the bank and pulling a bead on the ceiling, shoot into it and thus cause the explosion, although he himself would not be in the room.

The officers feel that Kennedy did not think of the outcome to himself in his plans, for he surely would have gone up with the others in case the plans they feel he should have carried through.

With an officer on each side of him, Attorney Stephen H. Kennedy who was found to be insane by a jury in County Judge Person's court Monday and who was ordered committed to the insane asylum at Elgin, was removed from his cell in the Lake county jail Tuesday morning at seven o'clock and was assisted on board a Chicago and Northwestern train, bound for Elgin.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

FURNISHED BY
Lake County Title and Trust Co.
Abstracts of Title, Titles Guaranteed.
WASHINGTON TEMPLE BUILDING
WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS
LOUIS J. GURNEY, Secretary

West End Rod & Gun club to

Ellen Hannigan lot 10, Cedar

park, in sec 34, east Antioch

township w d \$ 1075 00

Ruby Stevens and hus to J E

Brook 228 acres in sec 14, 15

e Antioch township w d 1 00

J E Brook and wf to Chase

Webb undivided 1/2 of 228 acres

in sec 14, 15 e Antioch township w d 1500 00

Ernest Beck to M. J. Auer part

east 50 feet, blk 5, Shady Nook

sub on Lake Marie w d 1 00

Alice Smith to A. J. Lewis, lot

13, Spafford's add to Antioch

Tec Smith to A J Lewis lot 12

Spafford's add to Antioch w d 1 00

Chase Webb & wf to Elizabeth

Cox lot in sec 20, e Antioch

township w d 1 00

W F Girard and wf to Chase

Webb lot 11, Backs sub An-

tioc h w d 1 00

go Wittop and wf to Frank

oup and wf lots 4 and 5 in

sec 20, Antioch township w d 1 00

other Johannots add to An-

tioc h w d 1 00

2" A Daily Thought

respects a magnet, that which it

ENTICING OF LEONARD

By LILLIAN YARBROUGH.

"I thought, of course, that you would be one of the bridesmaids," remarked Mabel as she and Jane were discussing the wedding of their friend Ida. "You and Leonard were always such great friends, too."

"Yes, ever since high school days. But," Jane laughed, "it happens, you know, that it's the bride and not the groom who chooses the bridesmaids, and I'm forced to believe that Ida regards me as a bailed enemy."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, I'm the victim of a chain of circumstantial evidence. Far be it from me to interfere with Ida's matrimonial prospects, but I'm quite sure Ida feels that I've been basely trying to tear Leonard from her. Yet the fact is that my interest in him is merely of a mild, remissive type. It doesn't make any difference to me about being left out of the bridal party. Those pink vells the bridesmaids are going to wear are hideous, but I do hope poor dear old Leonard has been able to convince Ida that there are no tender sentiments between us."

"I hadn't seen Leonard for a long time—no since the engagement was announced—until one day about a month ago, when I was scurrying along the street looking for shelter from a sudden shower. Leonard came out of a building, and as he was raising his umbrella he caught sight of poor me. He asked where I was going and said he would take me, as the shop I mentioned was only a little out of his way."

"He gave me his arm, and, with the umbrella light down over our heads, we marched to the shop door, where to my great surprise, Ida stood gazing out on the weather uncertainly. She gave us a keen glance as she greeted us, but I laughed and said that Leonard could continue his calling of good Samaritan. Then, pleading an immediate engagement, I darted into the store."

"The next Sunday morning I was in the Randall's car and we passed Leonard. Mr. Randall called to him to take the seat in the tonneau next me. He protested that he hadn't time for a ride, so Mr. Randall said to get in, and he'd take him where he was going. Then he turned in the direction of Ida's house. Ida was sitting on the steps and I fancied that she wasn't quite so pleased to see me as one might have expected."

"Well, it did look funny—your being together so soon again."

"Yes, but the next time looked funnier still. It was in the tearoom of a downtown store. I was wandering about looking for a table when Leonard spotted me and insisted that I join him at one of those little tables by the window. We had just given our order when along came Ida. I saw her first, and I bowed and smiled as gaily as I could, but to my horror, she looked past me with a stony air, that was most disconcerting."

"There's Ida!" I cried to Leonard. And he, as he saw her pass the table with her head majestically high, rose and hastily followed. He brought her back almost by force. Of course, I wished myself in Jericho, but I wasn't. I tried all during that ghastly meal to chat merrily, but I saw my air of nonchalance was overdone. Poor Leonard, too, attempted a careless gaiety, but his temperature fell every time Ida's cold glance descended upon him. I really hoped when I parted with them after the coffee that I should never see either one of them again. But I was doomed."

"A week didn't pass before I met Leonard in a candy shop. He beamed upon me with a smile that showed me he had allayed Ida's suspicions."

"This is great, Jane," he said. "I came in to order a box of candy for Ida, and now I'm going to buy you one, too, for old friendship's sake. In a little while I'll be married. I'm happy to say, and then I'll have to cease buying candy for little schoolmates. What kind do you like best?"

"Any other person who had suffered a series of experiences like mine would have had sense enough to flee from the store without an instant's delay. But the candy tempted me. I remembered his generous boxes of old, and I lingered."

"Of course, my usual fate pursued me. Ida came and I stammered and blushed as violently as if I had shamelessly deceived Leonard to that candy counter myself! Imagine my feelings when Leonard gave me the five pound box of nougats the clerk handed him. If he had been the least bit intelligent he would have kept that box under his arm and presented it to Ida after I had passed casually out of the store. Aren't some men idiots?"

What He Left.

"Who has been into this bag of cakes?" asked Mr. Homebody.

"I didn't touch one," exclaimed Johnny.

"Well, how is it that there is only one left out of six I had in there?" demanded Mrs. Homebody.

"That's the one I didn't touch," explained Johnny.

TRIALS OF MARRIED LIFE

By C. J. SOLOMON.

"In a misgalled moment," said the girl who likes to talk, "I bought Dicky a wife for \$1. The bird-store man said the fact that she looked Ethiopian instead of a beautiful clear yellow like Dick did not in the least reflect upon her domestic qualities, so I carried her home in a pasteboard box so carefully that the populace suspected me of possessing a dynamite bomb and so gave me a wide berth."

"We popped Susie into his cage and stood on guard to rescue her should Dicky show fight. Susie chirped, shook her feathers straight and made for the seed cup with positively not the slightest interest in Dick. She had been living among a cagful of birds when I purchased her, so one other bird did not make her even bat an eyelash. Susie is swift of movement and the way she shot around that cage investigating it was a caution."

"Dicky retired to a corner and just watched her in a pained, dazed way. If I approached he regarded me so reproachfully that I was overwhelmed with disgrace. As plainly as possible for a canary to ejaculate he was saying: 'What have I done that you should ruin my happy home this way? She runs the whole place!'

"He was so exactly like a real bachelor man that I giggled. 'So she does—Dicky,' I told him. 'You don't realize it, poor chap, but Susie, like all women, owns the place and you included and you'll be saying 'Please, missus,' before a week is out!'

"And he was. Susie would beat him over the head if he tried to eat when she wanted food. She was terribly greedy and ate all the time. After they had battled over the seed cup a few times I put in another and then there was temporary peace. Dicky was so cowed and miserable that I felt sorry for him, but I realized that his masculine character needed the discipline."

"When I put the nest inside she had him carting and carrying strings and stuff all day up to the nest and after he had it there she would throw it out petulantly. He never got used to her lightninglike dashes around the cage and was so humble and tried so hard to please her that he had no time for anything else."

"After Susie began to sit on three little blue eggs he was bored with domestic life and refused to feed her. Thereupon Susie would hop off the



"I Felt Sorry for Him."

nest, chase him around the cage and beat him good and proper and Dicky would call for help with a strangled, surprised 'Pe-e-ep!' that meant, 'Now, what in thunderation have I done, I'd like to know!'

"I would rescue him and let him sit on my shoulder, from whence he would talk to me indignantly and piteously and tell me what an awful time he was having and how he hated his lionie. Always when I took him out he would burst into glorious, relieved song and have the time of his life. When I put him back he would snuff his feathers and sulk and snap at Susie if she came near him."

"When the little birds hatched he was plainly disgusted with them and with Susie, who was idiotically happy. 'Pink worms with fuzz on 'em,' he said with one toss of his head and then disregarded his family utterly. Occasionally Susie would boil over and beat him, but he scorned the nest. Yet once in a while I would find him sitting on the upper perch, meditatively surveying his offspring."

"Then one day he deliberately pulled out a feather from one of them and I took him out of the cage and put him in another. Was he relieved and happy? I give you my word that perverse bird shrieked himself hoarse all day, uttering on the side of the cage next his family, refusing to eat or do a thing but yell. Susie seemed entirely happy without him and busied herself with feeding her family, paying no attention to his agonized calls."

"When I couldn't stand the noise any longer I put Dicky back in the family cage and he made the nest in one hop, beamed at his children and then frantically began hunting food for them. There was not another peep out of him."

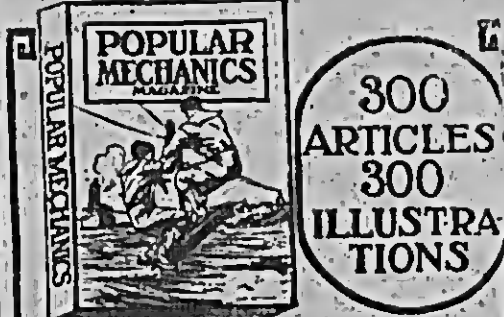
"Now if he didn't act like a real human man throughout the whole proceeding I'd like to know it!"—Chicago Daily News.

Always Uneasy.

No matter how prosperous some people may be, in their minds they are headed towards the poorhouse.—Manchester Union.

One Grand Sweet Song.

Payton—"After his death an autopsy was performed." Mrs. Malaprop—"How swell! By which orchestra?"—Life.



Popular Mechanics Magazine

FOR ONE YEAR 300 ARTICLES 300 ILLUSTRATIONS

"WRITTEN SO YOU CAN UNDERSTAND IT"

A GREAT Continued Story of the World's Progress which you may begin reading at any time, and which will hold your interest forever. You are living in the best year of the most wonderful age, of what is doubtless the greatest world in the universe. A resident of Mars would gladly pay—

\$1.00 SUBSCRIPTION

to this magazine in order to keep informed of our progress in Engineering and Mechanics. "Are you reading it?" Two millions of your neighbors are, and it is the favorite magazine in thousands of the best American homes. It appeals to all classes—old and young—men and women.

The "Shop Notes" Department (20 pages) gives easy ways to do things—how to make useful articles for home and shop, repairs, etc.

"Automotive Mechanics" (10 pages) tells how to make Allston furniture, wireless outfit, boats, engines, magic, and all the things a boy loves.

ALSO PER YEAR, SINGLE COPIES 15 CENTS

Ask your Newsdealer to show you one or WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE COPY TODAY

POPULAR MECHANICS CO.
318 W. Washington St., CHICAGO

INGALLS BROS. OPTOMETRISTS

Graduates of McCormick OPTICAL COLLEGE

EYES TESTED GLASSES FITTED

ARTIFICIAL EYES

The Promise of Spring

Its in the air and many things are timely. For example—let us suggest it—the work of

Wiring Your House for Electric Service

We're in the market to do it—cheaply and without inconvenience to the occupants.

Public Service Co. OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

Cynical Man Wrote This.

It is a mistake to imagine that all women are fond of retelling gossip. Most of them would rather wholesale it.—Exchange.

No Talk Lost.

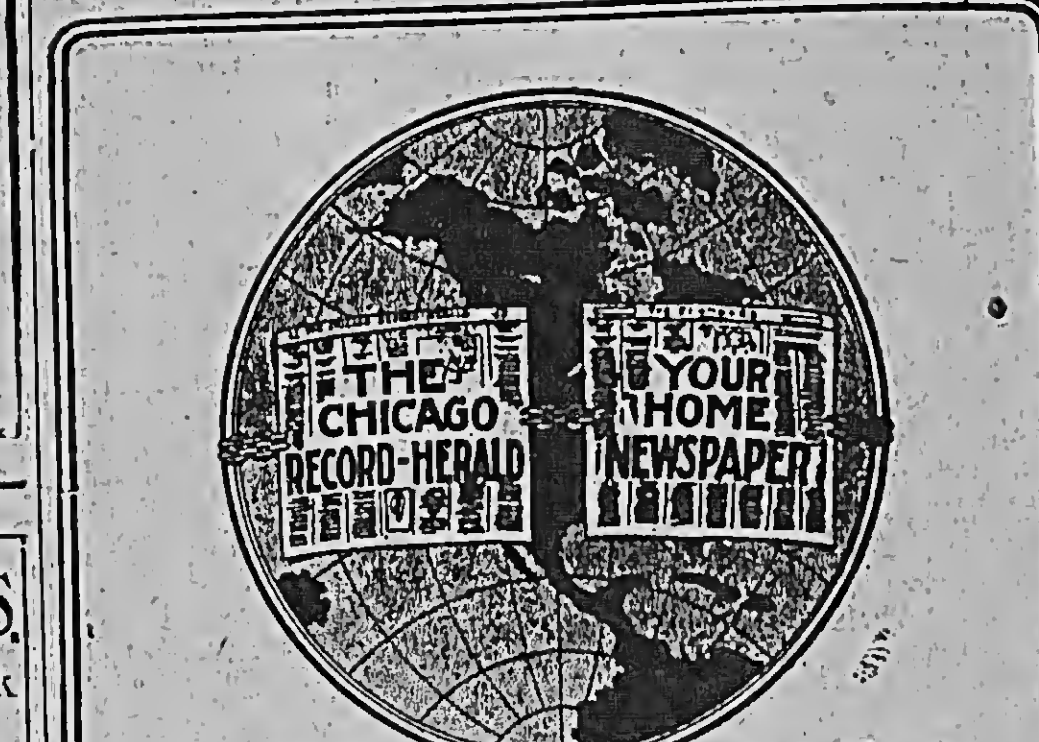
"So Kate and Alice are not on speaking terms." "No; but they more than make up for it by what they say about each other."



ANTIOCH STEAM LAUNDRY

Christofferson & Johnson, Props.

Your laundry will be safe in our hands and we will guaranteed first class work at all times. Do not hesitate send it now.



1 1/10 Cents a Day for World News

Here's the greatest buying opportunity you were ever offered! The news of what the world is doing, and the news of the neighborhood, for 1-10 cents a day.

A great Chicago daily—The Record-Herald—and your home newspaper, for almost the price of one.

Think what this means. It means complete and reliable market reports every day. It means daily news of the financial world. It means up-to-the-hour information, vital to you as a business man.

It means advancement of ideas in the home circle, to be derived from day-to-day criticisms of the current drama, music and books—reviews for which The Record-Herald is noted.

It means added knowledge, broader minds, greater interests—for every member of the family—through the following famous Record-Herald features:

Daily there are articles devoted to the household—advance fashion news, helpful housekeeping hints, etc., etc.—Sparkling editorial comments on topics of the day—brilliant thoughts of big minds on timely subjects—clean, crisp columns of sports—pointed paragraphs by one of America's foremost humorists—clever cartoons of passing events—and a continued story by some noted author. The Record-Herald news gathering facilities are world-wide in scope, and unrivaled in reliability. Comprising the news of the Associated Press—telegraph news from special correspondents in every large city of the East and in every town of the Central West—news that comes over leased wires from New York and Washington—and the foreign cable service of two of the biggest New York City newspapers.

AND ALL FOR 1 1/10 CENTS A DAY!

It's nothing to hesitate over! It's something to grasp—NOW, while it's offered! Stop in at the office, or send us a check with your order, while the opportunity lasts.

Here's the Proposition, Briefly:

THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD (regular price

for one year) daily, six days a week \$4.00

The Antioch News \$1.00

BOTH to you TODAY (special price for one year) \$4.00

THE STATE BANK of ANTIOCH

Capital and Surplus \$40,000

OFFICERS

W. S. Westlake, President

Joseph Turner, Vice President

W. F. Ziegler, Cashier

DIRECTORS

W. S. Westlake

Joseph Turner

E. B. Williams

Chase Webb

V. H. Strang

STATE SUPERVISION

CASH IN POCKET

abets an inclination to "spend." Cash in bank begets a pride in the amount of the "balance" and thus abets an inclination to save. Many a man headed toward a state of chronic improvidence in money matters, has been turned "right about face" by the opening of a bank account.

We invite your account, no matter how modest the beginning, and will help you to make it grow by paying you 3 per cent. interest compound semi-annually.

\$1 or more opens a saving account

3 PER CENT. INTEREST ON SAVINGS

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the
Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., Mar. 16—The committee declared butter at 27.

Full cream cheese at Webb's. adv
Ernest Horton left for Chetek, Wis., Sunday evening.

For Rent—An eight room house on Ida avenue. Inquire of Jas. Savage.

For Sale—A good building lot on easy payments. Inquire of Chase Webb, adv

Leslie Harden of Rockefeller spent Sunday and Monday with Antioch relatives.

April 1st the Soo Line will run into the Grand Central dept. This is official.

There will be German Lutheran services at the Christian Church on next Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Wanted—To buy summer cottage of 7 or 8 rooms. Address G. E. Ingham, 20 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Oil Meal at Hunt's. adv

The picture show last Saturday evening was declared by all present to have been excellent. Next Saturday evening will be just as good.

The W. C. T. U. convention, being held here yesterday and today is drawing good sized audiences at each session. A number of outsiders are in attendance.

The Duluth train was held at Antioch this morning for an hour on account of two freight cars on a north bound freight train, being derailed near Loan Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wilton entertained about twenty five of their friends at their home Tuesday afternoon at a kitchen shower in honor of their granddaughter, Miss Edna Hunter.

All persons wishing to become candidates at the town primary to be held Saturday, March 21, should file their name with the town committee not later than Friday, March 20, otherwise their names will not appear on the regular primary ballot.

Nomination papers will be circulated for Mrs. Alvin Vickers for member of the county board. Mrs. Vickers is well educated, possesses good executive ability and takes a live interest in educational affairs.—Chetek Alert

Milk cans at Hunt's. adv

Great was the consternation among the checker sports of our village Monday evening when it became known that the long recognized champion checker player of the town, B. H. Overton had met his Waterloo, and added to the fact that their idol had fallen was the knowledge that he had fallen good and hard. The great tryout was played in the presence of a number of the local enthusiasts and was between the erst while champion and Homer Hendee who proudly boasts of his 87 years of age. From the start the latter named gentleman seemed to have clear and easy sailing and quietly added one game after another to his credit. When the result was announced it showed Hendee with a proud total of seven, while Overton was clinging for dear life to his one and only victory out of the eight games.

For Town Clerk
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of town clerk at the coming primary, subject to the decision of the majority of the legal voters.
Walter Chinn.

For Collector
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of collector for the township of Antioch at the coming primaries subject to the will of the majority of the legal voters. N. E. Procter. tf

Vocational Training.
"She has a complexion like tinted porcelain." "Yes, I know; she took lessons in china painting."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Too Many.
There are about 200 brands of religion. But that isn't so many when you remember that there are about 78,962,354 brands of cussedness.—Cleveland Enquirer.

Watch Physicians' Movements.
The Berlin telephone station has a scheme by which the movement of physicians are recorded in case of an urgent call when their services will be desired quickly.

Forget to Collect Their Money.
The British government every year reaps a huge profit from the people who forget their own government stock when dividends fall due. The fault rests entirely with the stockholders for they even forget to give their addresses, so that they can be notified that money awaits them in the government coffers. In this case, about \$5,000,000 is passed on to the national debt commission, and in turn it receives the interest from this money.

The only child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dibble is very sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther are this week moving onto a farm near Russell.

Attorney James Welch of Waukegan was a business visitor here Wednesday.

Hillebrand's and this week is brand new and contains some special bargains.

Money back if Hesse's stock food don't do the business. Chase Webb adv

After April 1st the milk train will only run to Forest Park and return.

Mrs. H. A. Radtke visited relatives at Honey Creek, Wis., the latter part of last week.

Wanted—To rent summer cottage of 7 or 8 rooms. Address G. E. Ingham, 20 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. A. E. Case entertained sixteen of her Antioch friends at her home at Channel Lake last Saturday evening.

The time was pleasantly spent with music, cards and dancing. A most enjoyable time was had by all.

Calf Meal at Hunt's. adv

Victor Chinn who has rented the small building of Wm. Kelly which is situated in the rear of the Kelly garage is this week adding a gasoline engine to his necessary machinery for feed grinding.

Lew Felter and wife returned Monday from Walworth where they have been for the past three weeks. While in their absence a sign was placed upon their home announcing that their house was for rent. Lew says he took peaceable possession.

Mr. Espey was very pleasantly surprised at his home last Thursday eve by the teachers and pupils of the eighth grade and high school. They brought with them an ample supply of good things to eat and also as a parting gift presented Mr. Espey with a pair of gold cuff links.

Women in Illinois who do not pay their poll-tax cannot be forced to work on the roads in rural districts as the men are forced to do. Neither can women be forced to accept jury service. These discoveries were made by William C. Flannigan, town clerk of Aurora township, who has been besieged with inquiries from women who were afraid that they might be made to work on the roads for failure to pay their \$3 each, as provided under the Tice law.

Tax Notice.
I will be at the store of Chase Webb in the village of Antioch every Wednesday and Saturday to receive taxes.
W. T. Taylor, Collector. tf

For Collector
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of collector for the Town of Lake Villa at the coming primaries, subject to the will of the majority of the legal voters. Percy Dibble. tf

For Town Clerk
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of town clerk at the coming primary, subject to the decision of the majority of the legal voters. Your support will be appreciated.
C. F. Richards.

Obstacle.
Photographer—"Look pleasant, please." Victim—"I guess you'll have to move that 'Terms Cash' sign."

Why?
Sometimes it seems as if every person who was lacking in initiative, special ability or industry desired to be either a writer, an actor or an artist. The most agreeable way for a lazy person to make a living is to express his own opinions, emotions and impressions.—Harper's Weekly.

Merely a Supply City.
The raising of chickens and the production of eggs are things apart to the farmers in the Basel consular district. While Basel is one of the principal supply cities of Europe for poultry and eggs, only a small percentage is actually produced in the Basel district or in Switzerland.

"Popple."
In some English dialects "popple" or "popple" (for it is variously spelt and pronounced), seems to mean a large pebble (A.S. papol). The same word survives today among sea-faring men, who talk of a "popple" sea, meaning a "choppy sea"—one the surface of which is agitated with innumerable "lumpy" waves. On the other hand, there is an old English word "popple" meaning "poplar," which is in use today in some parts of Canada. Evidently the word as it stands is of considerable interest, and of double derivation and meaning.

Concerning Grammar.
A sweet little voice—that sounded like it usually used better grammar.—Nell Brinkley in the Journal. Sounds like better grammar ain't being used this season.—F. P. A. in New York Mail.

Ball brand guaranteed rubber boots at Webb's.

Sugar dairy feed \$22.50 per ton. Goodrich Lumber company. adv

The Waukegan Rug Man will be here on or about Tuesday, March 21, and will call for carpets.

Mrs. J. C. James and son Ralph returned home from their three weeks stay at Minneapolis on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Williams returned home Monday after a five weeks visit with their son Roy and wife at Dexter, Kan.

Chick feed at Hunt's. adv

The Antioch Fire Department are requested to meet in the Village Hall on Tuesday evening, March 24. Your presence is requested. H. Billett, Fire Marshal.

I have just received my line of 1914 wall paper sample books. Will be pleased to have you call and look them over. No trouble to show books. John Drury, Antioch.

Notice
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of collector for the Town of Lake Villa, subject to the will of the voters at a Town Caucus to be held at Lake Villa, Saturday, March 21.
William H. Miller.

For Collector.
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of collector for the township of Antioch at the coming primaries, subject to the will of the majority of the legal voters. W. T. Taylor. tf

Tip to Transgressors.
"Ef, ez dey say," observed Br'er Williams, "de devil invented de tango dance, sinners should practice 'it night an' day, kaze it'll be a life-saver ter 'um wen dey hits de hot pavement down below ter know how ter hop high."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Dear Things.
Miss Elderly—"They say that marriages are made in heaven." Miss Young—"Ah, then you have one chance more."

Flea One Would Avoid.
The most injurious flea is the Chigoe, or sand flea, which comes from the Kerguelen Islands, in the Indian ocean. There is also one with claws like those of a lobster, which is found on a small bird in South America.

Secret of Secret-Keeping.
If a woman could only keep secret the fact that she has a secret to keep, her secret would be safe.—Boston Transcript.

Popular Song Suggestions.
"The weeping willow had been only eating onions, after all."

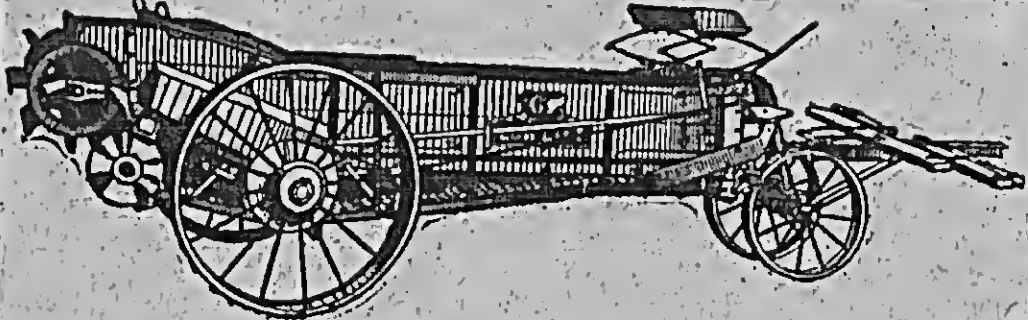
The Burglar's Daughter.
Father to Sutor—My daughter will not have a dowry, but I will give her this set of keys, which no doubt you will find useful.

Daily Thought.
With respect to luxury and comforts, the wisest have ever lived a more simple and meager life than the poor.—Thoreau.

Pa Had Been There.
"Pa, what is scientific salesmanship?" "Selling a dress suit to a man who went into the store to buy a celluloid collar."—Detroit Free Press.



I. H. C. Low Lift Spreaders



A few years ago most farmers spread their manure and other fertilizers on the land and plowed it under. Experience and enlightenment from agriculture tests have proven that far better results can be obtained by spreading all fertilizers on the soil where the plants can get all their nourishment. By using a I. H. C. Low Lift Spreader these results can be accomplished in the best and easiest way. This spreader has a variation of feed from five to fifteen loads per acre which enables a farmer to put the necessary amount on each field. It is of the low type, but not so low as to impair the draft, but makes it an easy machine to load. It has a solid steel frame, trussed and braced like a bridge or tressel; large traction wheels and many other features that can only be appreciated when seen or used, so when in Antioch drop in at F. J. Hunt's Hardware and Implement Store and look this machine over. It will pay you.

FRANK J. HUNT
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS

Some Special Inducements For
This Week at Hillebrand's

Bib aprons, good size, suitable for kitchen wear, either light or dark,

For Only 20c.

Muslin petticoats 18 inch embroidered flounce, for only

\$1.00 to \$1.25

New supply of white waists in the popular new crepe, as well as other materials. Prices very reasonable.

An assortment of the newest in braids, bandings, etc., including the rose trimming, the ratine braid and the gold edgings and insertions. You cannot fail to find just what you want among them, the prices range from

20c to 50c per yd

SATURDAY SPECIAL

A number of pieces of
ginghams. Regular
10c and 12¹/₂c grade for

8c.

GROCERIES

2 lb pkg quaker oats	.05
K. C. Baking Powder, 25c can at	.18
23 lbs granulated sugar	\$1.00
Postum Cereal, 25c pkg for	.20
Best XXXX Powder sugar, per lb	.06
Extra fine bulk cocoa, per lb	.20
Regular 50c tea	.35
Regular 25c coffee	.19

Number of spring coats for misses' and ladies, embracing the newest shades as well as the latest styles. Prices range from \$5 to \$10. Call and look them over before purchasing.

New Rugs From 35c to \$18.50.

HILLEBRAND'S CASH STORE

Collier's

The National Weekly

First Time in Clubs
Until this year Collier's has been sold at \$5.50. Now the price is \$2.50 and we have secured a concession whereby we can offer it at a still further reduction in connection with this publication.

Special Offer to Our Readers

Recognizing the great demand for Collier's at the new price, we have made arrangements to offer it and our own publication each one year for the price of Collier's alone. This is a limited offer and must be taken advantage of promptly.

What You Get in Collier's
Collier's is the one big, independent, fearless weekly of the whole country. Not only is it the good citizen's handbook but it is also a magazine for the whole family. Among the things that a year's subscription gives are:

1000 Editorials
600 News Photos
250 Short Articles
150 Short Stories
100 Illustrated Features
2 Complete Novels

Collier's . . . \$2.50 Both for only
Antioch News \$1.00 \$2.50

OVER 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain from me whether his invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HARRISON O. MUNN, Patent Attorney, 364 Broadway, New York.

Scientific American.
A thoroughly illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co., 364 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 112 E. 1st St., Washington, D. C.

J. C. James, Jr.
Justice of the Peace and Notary Public

Real Estate
Both Farm and Lake Property

Fire Insurance Agent for Several Good Companies

Accident, and Life Insurance, Reasonable Rates and Good Companies
J. C. James, Jr., Antioch, Ill.

BANK OF ANTIOCH

EDWARD BROOK
BANKER

Buy and Sell Exchange and do a General Banking Business

J. C. JAMES, JR.
UNDERTAKER

LICENSED EMBALMER
Licensed by the State Board of Health

Lotus Camp No. 557 M. W. A.
Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting neighbors always welcome.
ED. GARRETT, V. C.
J. C. James, Clerk

T. N. DONNELLY & CO.
Loan and Diamond Brokers
Number 24 North Dearborn St.
Diamonds, Watches and all kinds of Jewels at less than cost. At half the price for regular stores. Dec 1901.

SQUOIT LODGE No. 27 A. F. & A. M.
hold regular communication the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting brethren always welcome.
FRANK HUBER, Sec'y.

ELMER BROOK, W. L.
The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month.
IDA OSBORN, W. L.
Gertrude Brook, Sec'y.

L. G. STRANG

Licensed Embalmer
and
Funeral Directors

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS

Phone 311
Also Farmer's Line



(By courtesy of Senator Cunningham of Ohio.)

Irish Co-operative Creamery.

Co-Operative Farm Products Marketing

How It Is Done in Europe and May Be Done in America to the Profit of Both Farmer and Consumer

By MATTHEW S. DUDGEON.

(Copyright, 1914, Western Newspaper Union.)

CO-OPERATIVE LESSONS LEARNED IN IRELAND

Dublin, Ireland.—There is no magic in co-operation. It is not a cure-all for economic ills. Co-operative concerns succeed because they employ good business methods. In fact, co-operative marketing is good business and good sense and intelligence applied to farm marketing. This is the biggest and most important lesson to be learned in Ireland. As Mr. Father Flacey, a great believer in co-operation, says in an article in the Constructive Quarterly, "That it has been productive of much material good to those who employed its methods with intelligence and energy, is beyond question; that it has been barren of useful results where those qualities were wanting is equally undeniable."

Co-operative marketing succeeds in Ireland because it stands for three things: (1) Good business methods and intelligent management; (2) A uniformly high quality of product; (3) Justice, equality and loyalty among members. Without these characteristics, co-operation fails in Ireland and fails everywhere. These are the lessons that Ireland has to teach America. No group which does not insist upon running its co-operative concern along these lines can succeed. To tolerate poor business methods, laxity as to quality, or disloyalty and injustice to each other is to fail.

Simply Good Business. Co-operation makes money for farmer and city consumer alike. It succeeded in bringing the producer and consumer nearer together. The products go directly to the city consumer. The product arrives in shape. It brings only a reasonable price. The result is that city consumers get the more radical method of distribution.

Co-operative marketing after all is good, common sense and efficiency. There is nothing mysterious about it. As we have said, it is no magic. The good co-operative marketing concerns succeed because they are well managed, intelligently supervised, carefully supervised; they are simply efficient business organizations in which 100 or more with a common occupation and common interest get together in a very manly way to share their efforts. One lesson that Ireland teaches America is that no man and no group of men can permit any co-operative organization to be run by one man. The principal of one man must prevail. The man who has \$1,000 must have no more power than the man who has only \$5. "Men, not property," is another expression of it. Under this system no man is a co-operative society for his ends. The poorest farmers are invited to meetings, and if they show up upon committees and become members. The organization is essentially democratic.

Profits to the Producer. The purpose of co-operative marketing differs from that of a commercial enterprise. It seeks to make dividends for the man who produces the goods, but to provide the producer shall receive the largest possible percentage of the price paid by the consumer. Ireland, by experience that where profits are paid to the investors, the real purposes of co-operation are served. One case is recorded of an American fruit growers organization, a so-called co-operative concern, that lost its plan. They had a large number of growers who had little to invest, but in the aggregate a considerable amount of fruit. The ones who invested were in control and proceeded to make large profits for themselves.

selves as investors, and ignored the interests of the fruit growers themselves. As a result the small growers were forced out of business and out of the country.

Here in Ireland so well established is this principle that it is a definite rule that no co-operative society can pay more than 5 per cent. per annum upon the stock held by the shareholders.

Must Market Through the Society. Every time that any group of American farmers have organized a co-operative marketing concern they have met sharp and often unfair competition. The other established buyers have offered prices which were higher than the co-operative society could offer without taking a loss. Often they succeed in coaxing the members of the co-operative society from its support. It is hard for a farmer who is receiving only 35 cents per bushel for his potatoes at a co-operative warehouse to refuse 45 cents offered by some independent buyer. But the unfavorable subsequent history is, of course, that as soon as the co-operative concern is put out of business by this sort of competition, prices drop, and the farmer is where he was before, and helpless in the hands of the independent buyers.

To obviate this difficulty in Ireland, it has been found necessary to explain the situation fully to the prospective members of the co-operative organization; to state to them that unless they are willing to agree to market all their product through the co-operative society it is useless to begin. They are warned that they will be approached by independent dealers and offered higher prices. But this warning and informed upon the subject, the organizers of Irish co-operative societies have had little difficulty in obtaining from the prospective members an agreement to market all of their produce through the concern.

Importance of Quality. As we have said, there is no magic in co-operation. Co-operative marketing simply means that the farm produce is to be marketed in a businesslike way without undue waste during the process. Pioneers in Irish co-operation soon found that after they had discovered the best market and after they had organized the co-operative society, and after the members had agreed to bring all their produce to the company, co-operation was still an absolute failure, whenever the members of the society delivered even occasionally inferior goods and mingled them with the better goods. A creamery puts out 100 pounds of good butter; if the next pound is bad butter the market for the butter of that creamery is ruined. Without high uniform quality co-operation cannot succeed. It becomes necessary therefore for the members all to co-operate in producing cream that is of the highest possible quality and reaches the creamery in the best condition. But Irish experience demonstrates that no private concern can compete in quality with a co-operative concern, for no private concern can control the product from its original source.

"Control" is Required. Quality can be produced by the co-operative society, because these concerns reach out to the farm itself. It is not enough that a creamery has the best and latest methods of making butter and marketing it; if the cream comes in from the farm in bad condition, the butter is bad. To make good butter you must control the cow, and her feed, and her care, and the stables, and the milk pail, and even the milk can used in delivery.

Certain rigid rules and conditions are laid down by the creameries themselves, and approved by a central committee. Each creamery participating in the scheme is required to give free access during the working hours to the members of the I. A. O. S. that they may inspect the premises and books, check the records, examine any butter in stock, and take for analysis samples

of cream and butter. Each creamery is bound to maintain the most immaculate cleanliness, accept only milk that is clean, fresh and untainted, pasteurize all milk and cream, churn the cream at a temperature not to exceed 48 degrees F., and affix the control label to no butter that exceeds the 10 per cent. limit of moisture.

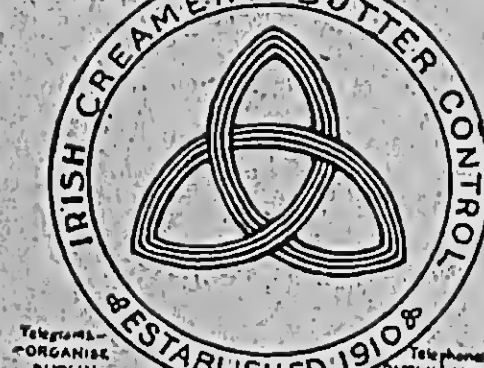
The enforcement of such rules as this tending to result in high grade products is what is meant by "control." It is another of the big lessons that Ireland has to impart to prospective co-operators. And remember this: No stock company or private creamery ever yet was able to control the quality of butter by controlling every step back to the feed before the cow eats it. Consequently, no privately owned creamery can make such butter as co-operative butter.

Brands Must Be Used. It is not enough that the inherent quality is high. The quality must be evidenced in some way readily recognizable by the public. Consequently a system of brands and labels has been devised for all products. By an educational process covering years the public as well as dealers have been taught that the brand of co-operation stands for quality. Consumers are taught to demand this brand as an evidence of quality. Retailers find that the brand sells the product without advertising. It is therefore the policy of Irish co-operation to have a brand. The affixing of the brand certifies quality and makes the article transferable at a fixed figure, just as the impress which the gold disk receives in the mint makes it a sovereign which passes current from hand to hand.

An attorney, whose business has been largely to investigate American bankrupt concerns makes the statement that he never knew a bad commercial failure where there was not either dishonesty or lack of bookkeeping methods. Bad failures come only where no one is fully informed as to the exact condition of the business. The Irish co-operators fully recognize this principle. Certain standard forms of bookkeeping have been worked out and largely adopted; the best methods of keeping the books, and of making summaries and reports for audit, have been also established, so that the exact condition may be brought to the attention of the members of the concern at any time. As a result we find everywhere throughout the co-operative enterprises of Ireland surprisingly efficient methods of accounting. The I. A. O. S. and its supervisory system are largely responsible for this situation.

One of the greatest difficulties encountered was that of obtaining skillful managers for the various co-operative concerns. But skilled and intelligent they must be in order to insure success. For example, it is necessary that the man at the head of a creamery must not only be a

TT-992



Co-operative Butter Label.

good butter maker, but he must be as well a bookkeeper, a business man, and a student of the markets. He must understand something of transportation and of packing for transportation. He must know what in America would call a good mixer in order to establish the proper point of contact with customers and members as well.

Combination of Concerns. It has also been determined by experience that the separate little concerns, some of which are necessarily managed by men of limited opportunity, cannot succeed unless they are federated and supervised and helped by a central organization. They need assistance in organization, in finding the best markets. The I. A. O. S. has not only assisted in organizing the co-operative societies, but receives periodic reports from the visits and inspections, frequently audits their accounts, sees that their affairs are properly conducted, makes suggestions as to markets and other business problems, and gives counsel and advice generally. Some such supervision must come in America if co-operative success is to be general and lasting.

Our Conclusion. Co-operation has undoubtedly succeeded in Ireland. It deserves to succeed because it stands for a uniformly high quality of farm products, for fair dealing, for just returns to the consumer, as well as producer, for good, clean, business methods, for loyalty and solidarity, for community action. Co-operation will succeed in the United States, if it does not, it will fail. The sooner the co-operative enthusiasts learn that co-operation, like every other enterprise, must succeed on its merits, not on some mysterious, laborious virtue, the better. Nothing could be more unwise at this time than to preach the doctrine that co-operation in itself should be introduced anywhere and everywhere. If it is introduced before prospective members are ready to co-operate in a proper spirit for its success, it will inevitably fail.

GREATEST AQUEDUCT IN THE WORLD



DRILLING BY COMPRESSED AIR

AFTER nearly nine years of steady tunneling, New York's great Catskill aqueduct, has just been completed. It has cost the city of New York \$162,000,000, the labor of 72,000 men and the injury or death of over 9,000. It ranks with the Panama canal as one of the great engineering feats of the world. It will increase the existing water supply of New York city by 500,000,000 gallons a day when the needs of an expanding population render it necessary. Using the four drainage areas in the new system it is estimated that Greater New York's supply need never be under 770,000,000 gallons a day, even in the driest kind of weather, or about 250,000,000 more than is needed at present.

Water Works of the Past. Never in the history of the world has any water supply approached in magnitude this Catskill undertaking. When the reader remembers all the renowned water works of ancient and modern times; when he calls to mind the damming of the mighty Euphrates by the great old Assyrian king; when he views the immense stone ruins of the Roman aqueducts of the second century—to this day as great a wonder as the Pyramids; when he reads the description of those marvelous dams on the Nile at Assuan and Assiut, whereby half of Egypt is irrigated and made fertile; when he ponders with amazement that wonderful story of how Holland recovered thousands of acres from the Zuyder Zee; and when he recalls that even here in his own country, in the West, the great irrigation ditches have caused to be built the giant Roosevelt and Pathfinder dams, largest in the world, mighty belts of stone which hold back



South Portal of Peak Grade Tunnel. Half a trillion gallons of fresh water; when, with all this assemblage of huge water works in his mind, he turns to the present feat of New York engineering and finds that in every particular the Catskill supply completely overwhelms these other wonders of the world, then he begins to gain a definite idea of the ponderous magnitude of this twentieth century enterprise.

The mammoth Ashokan reservoir, the greatest of all ages or countries of the earth, occupies the whole valley of the Esopus, in the Catskill, causing 3,000 residents of that calm and peaceful section to seek new homes. The Assyrian king's Mesopotamian reservoir, if it could have been dropped into the vast lake that lies behind the Ashokan dam, would not have raised its level more than a summer shower. The Roman aqueducts are but toy pipes, compared with the Catskill aqueduct. Eight times as much money has been spent by New York city for its new supply of water as was spent in erecting the Assuan dam on the Nile. The Zuyder Zee works cost \$100,000,000 less than Father Knickerbocker has put into his project. Half a dozen such dams as the Roosevelt and the Pathfinders could be built with the \$162,000,000 that was expended for the Catskill supply.

The aqueduct is only a part, though undoubtedly the most difficult part, of the gigantic provision which has been made for New York's water supply.

The Ashokan reservoir, from which the water will flow its 96-mile trip to the city, is 12.8 miles square.

The Catskill watershed has an area of 900 square miles. They include the valleys of the Esopus, Rondout, Schoharie and Catskill creeks. It is estimated that, when everything is in working order, these sources will yield an average supply of 600,000,000 gallons daily.

In the peaceful valley of the Esopus, where 10 villages once nestled along the stream, is a natural hollow that geologists say was an inland lake in prehistoric times, before some mighty convulsion of nature opened the rift through which now flows the majestic Hudson. This natural basin is now the bed of the great Ashokan reservoir. The principal wall of the dam is nearly two miles in length, and over 200 feet in height, with a breadth of 300 feet at the base, sloping to a width of 60 feet at the top.

The huge aqueduct is an underground channel of concrete and steel, ranging in diameter from 11 to 17 feet, built to last forever, and to carry the water in continuous descent from the high level of 600 feet at Ashokan reservoir to 355 feet at Kensico, where is located a main storage reservoir, for maintaining a very large store of water near New York, and delivering it to the filtration plant at Scarsdale. It is the largest tunnel in the world.

The water is carried through the aqueduct wholly by gravity. It has a theoretical slope sufficient to cause a flow at the rate of about five miles an hour. The aqueduct follows the contour of the land as much as practicable, curving up and down as well as sideways. It goes down and up again on the siphon principle, but never rises above the theoretical slope called the hydraulic gradient, since this would involve pumping.

Course of the Aqueduct. Sometimes the route lies through tunnels, and sometimes it bridges streams, curves around the crests of hills, and dips down across valleys. The general course is southerly from Ashokan dam, across Rondout valley, through Wallkill and Plattsburgh valleys, and down west of the Hudson, to a point near Storm King, which is a little above Peekskill. Here it crosses under the river by a huge concrete siphon or rock tunnel; thence it passes through the Peekskill watershed, crosses Croton lake and valley in a deep siphon and discharges into Kensico reservoir; thence on to Scarsdale filtration plant, and to Hill View reservoir, near Yonkers, from which Manhattan and the Bronx will be supplied; thence it continues in pipe lines to the waters of the East river, crossing above Ward's Island to the borough of Queens, continuing to Forest Park reservoir, to supply Brooklyn; thence a conduit will extend through South Brooklyn and beneath the bottom of the Narrows over to Staten Island, where a distributing reservoir will supply Richmond borough. The total length of the works from Staten Island up to the most remote reservoir in the Catskill mountains is 150 miles.

The most unique feature of this aqueduct is the stupendous siphon under the Hudson at Storm King. This is a feat of tunneling that puts to blush all the tunnels around New York city. The subways go down 90 feet below the water, but the Storm King siphon sinks 650 feet below the surface of the water and 1,200 feet below the aqueduct gradient, crosses underneath the river and then starts on to a point within several hundred feet of the earth's surface. If this were built on the air-pressure principle, used in the East river tunnels, the workmen would perish from the pressure as soon as the work had gone 100 feet under the water. For this reason the engineers decided to go so far down below the river bottom that the tunnel would be in solid rock and no water would leak in, thus dispensing with the necessity of working under pressure from compressed air.

The Kensico reservoir has been greatly enlarged so that it may serve as an equalizing and storage reservoir, permitting repairs to the 69 miles of aqueduct above, or even the entire shutting down of the Ashokan supply for two months at a time. It will hold a supply for Greater New York for 60 days.

CANADA WINNING CHAMPIONSHIPS IN AGRICULTURE

The Latest Is Winning Championship for Oats a Third Time.

Recently was published the fact of remarkable winnings by Canadian farmers in several events during the past three or four years. The latest is that of Messrs. J. C. Hill & Sons of Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, who won in a hard contest for the oat championship over Montana. At the National Corn Exposition at Dallas during February, Montana oats were awarded the championship for the United States. Waiting for the winner of this to be announced was a peck of oats belonging to the Canadian growers above mentioned, and alongside of these was a like quantity belonging to a Minnesota grower, who was barred from the regular competition because he was at one time the winner of the trophy—the prize. The three entries were side by side on the judge's bench. It would not be possible to bring together three more likely samples. The Montana and Saskatchewan entries were of equal weight—50 pounds to the bushel. The Minnesota sample was some three pounds lighter. The award was unanimous in favor of the Saskatchewan oats. A remarkable feat and one greatly to the credit of the Canadian product was that the oats, grown in 1913, were grown and shown by those who had competed during the past two years, winning on each occasion. This, the third winning, gave them for the third time the world's championship and full possession of the splendid \$1,500 silver trophy contributed by the state of Colorado.

The oats which have thus given to Western Canada another splendid advertising card, were grown 300 miles north of the international boundary line, proving that in this latitude, all the smaller grains can be grown with greater perfection and with more abundant yield than further south. In all this country are to be found farmers who produce oats running from 42 to 48 pounds to the bushel, and with yields of from 60 to 100 bushels per acre. Wheat also does well, grades high, and yields from 30 to 40 bushels per acre. The same may be said of any portion of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, famed over the world not only as a country where championship grains are grown, but where cattle and horses are raised that also carry off championships and where wild grasses are abundant yielders, cultivated hay and alfalfa are grown, thus giving plenty of feed, and with a good climate, sufficient shelter and plenty of water, bring about results such as western Canada has been able to record. Thousands of farmers from the United States who have their homes in Canada bear ample testimony to the benefits they have derived from farming in western Canada.—Advertisement.

Two Views of It. "What do you think of married life?" asked the henpecked man, addressing the youthful bridegroom. "Bless is no name for it," said the young husband enthusiastically. "You are right," said the henpecked one gloomily. "Bless is no name for it."

Only One "BROMO QUININE" To get the genuine, call for tell name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Full Hand. Brown—That man's face reminds me of a stacked deck of cards. It's full of grimaces. Jones—Yes, and they tell me he's quite a joker also.

Dr. Pierce's Tablets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation. Adv.

Paris says new gowns will be more decolette. Well, that's better than taking any more off the other end.

A food for sore lungs, Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops. Cure coughs, by relieving the soreness—See at Drug Stores.

There are two kinds of men—the self-made ones and those who have to listen.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color in cold water. Adv.

To live as you go—but save enough to pay for a return ticket.

W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Men's \$1.25 to \$4.50
Women's \$1.25 to \$3.50
Misses, Boys, Children \$1.00 to \$2.50

W.L. Douglas shoes are made in the U.S.A. and are famous for their quality and durability. They are made of the best materials and are carefully constructed by skilled workmen. They are comfortable to wear and are suitable for all occasions. They are a good investment and will last for many years.

W.L. Douglas shoes are sold everywhere. Look for the W.L. Douglas logo on the shoe.

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Mrs. Riehey has been quite sick.
Dr. Talbott was in the city Saturday.
Walter Daniels was home from Evanston over Sunday.
Miss Villa Larson of Waukegan is visiting her sister here.

Mrs. John Mitchell has been entertaining an aunt from the north.

Bern, Friday, March 14 to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Heeper, a daughter. We extend congratulations.

Mrs. Erma Strang and daughter of Millburn spent last Friday here and attended the play here.

Harold Hucker has been in a Chicago hospital for an operation for appendicitis. He has been doing nicely.

Mrs. Chas. Kapple and daughter and Miss Leftus of Grayslake were guests of Mrs. Paul Avery last Thursday.

The play "Diamonds and Hearts" given here last Friday evening by local talent was splendid and played to a full house. Over thirty dollars was cleared.

Ernest Lehman and party of friends drove out from Chicago last week in an auto to inspect the new bungalow at Sand Lake which is nearing completion.

Mrs. Talbott is in Bloomington, this week attending the State Royal Neighbor convention as a delegate from Cedar Lake camp no. 460.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray have sold their house and lot to Mr. Bartlett who will take possession at once, as Mr. Ray and family expect to move back to their former home in Madison. We hope for success for them in their new home.

MILLBURN

A. H. Stewart made a business trip to Waukegan on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Stewart, returned home from Florida Friday.

Misses Jean and Agnes Armour called on Antioch friends, Thursday.

The many friends of Mrs. Cremin will be glad to hear that she is some better.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bonner, entertained John Thain and wife, George Stephens and wife, at dinner, Wednesday.

Susanah Dale Smith Minto, oldest child of George E. Smith and Mercy Gwinn Loring, was born at Salem, Mass., August 18, 1839, and came with her parents and grandmother Loring to Illinois in May, 1840. From infancy her home has been continuously in Antioch township, she died at her home Thursday, March 12, and was buried Monday afternoon at Loon Lake cemetery. As a young woman she passed through the experiences of the civil war. For a number of years she taught school in various nearby districts.

She was married to David Minto, May 20, 1861. Seven children were born to them of whom two are living, D. Harold and Una Jean, also two granddaughters. Two sisters of Mrs. Minto, Mrs. Andrew White of Lyons, Neb., and Mrs. Wm. Steadman of Elgin, Ill., have passed on before, while two brothers, George Smith of Denver, Col., and Rev. Smith of Bonaparte, Iowa, and one sister Mrs. Lamb, survive. Mrs. Minto united with the Millburn Congregational church, March 4, 1865, thirty-two others joined at the same time, nearly all of them young people. Rev. Bross was pastor at that time. Mrs. Minto has been confined to her home for a number of years, she was a kind and loving woman and made many friends, she always took a great deal of interest in the work of the church and Sunday School.

SILVER LAKE

Wm. Hasselman has been home this week.

Wm. Hanneman and daughter friends here over Sunday.

Julius Spitzbar of Wilmet was here Thursday.

John of Kenosha visited at his home Sunday.

and wife were at Wilmet

transacted business in

March 26, a dinner and

received at the home of

honored of St. Paul, to

the day is requested

The supper

The Jangle or the hill,

village;

ie sang.

BRISTOL

Ernest Dixon was a Kenosha visitor Friday.

Miss Ruby Fox spent last Friday in Kenosha.

Father Heller was a Kenosha visitor last Tuesday.

Mrs. Sam Knapp entertained the Missionary society Friday.

Misses Jessie and Ruth Garland were Kenosha visitors Friday.

Frep Thorne and Ward Bryant spent last Saturday in Kenosha.

Chas. Barnes of Chicago was a guest of Miss Boyle Friday evening.

W. Gains was home over Sunday, returning to Milwaukee Tuesday.

Mrs. M. Gaines and daughter spent Sunday with Mrs. J. Evans of Salem.

Mrs. Moore of Harvard, Ill., spent last Wednesday with her mother here.

Miss Jessie Shumway of Chicago visited over Sunday with her sister here.

Mrs. Frank Fox entertained a few friends at a dinner party last Wednesday.

Frank Gethen is serving on jury for spring term of the Circuit Court in Kenosha.

Clarence Murdoch of Kenosha spent a part of last week with his grandparents here.

Miss Florence Boyle was unable to take charge of her school Monday on account of sickness.

F. R. Lavery and Ed Shottliff went to Milwaukee last Monday to have another look at the "Empire."

Ernest Dixon has the honor of receiving the highest standing in the examination for city mail carriers in Kenosha.

F. R. Lavery has sold his Ford auto to the Badger Paper company and has purchased a new Empire. The car arrived here from Milwaukee Tuesday.

Arch Murdoch had the misfortune to get one of his fingers caught in the bottle filler at the factory Saturday. It was found necessary to amputate his finger at the first joint.

Of Ireland, Of Erin Go Braugh.

Menu—Dinner		Jelly
Chicken with biscuits	Roast pork	
Mashed potatoes	Beet salad	
Cabbage	Pears	
Creamed carrots	Picnic	
Sweet pickles	Bread	
Butter	Cheese	
Apple pie	Lemon pie	
Tea	Coffee	

Menu—Supper	
Cold roast pork	Beef loaf
Creamed potatoes	Beans
Eggs	Brown bread
Strawberry jelly	Cookies
Hickory nut cake	Devils food

Tea	Cream	Coffee
-----	-------	--------

The proceeds for the Baptist church. Dinner, 35 cents. Supper 25 cents.

One Thing That Sticks.

A woman may not be able to record what her husband said when he proposed, but she can always remember what dress she wore at the time.

No More "Black Broth" for Him.
Among the forgotten dishes of the past was the "black broth" of Lacedaemon. "What the ingredients of this subtle composition were," says a writer, "we cannot exactly ascertain. Doctor Lister (in 'Apicius') supposed it to have been hog's blood. It could not be a very alluring mess, since a citizen of Sybaris, having tasted it, declared it was no longer a matter of astonishment with him why the Spartans were so fearless of death, since any one in his senses would much rather die than exist on such execrable food."

To the Middle-Aged.
Say to yourself that you are entering upon the autumn of your life; that the graces of spring and the splendors of summer are irrevocably gone, but that autumn weather is often darkened by rain, cloud and mist, but the air is still soft, and the sun still delights the eyes, and touches the yellowing leaves, carelessly; it is the time for fruit, for harvest, for the vintage, the moment for making provision for the winter.—Amiel's Journal.

Frenchwoman's Cold Cure.
Having been without a cold for 27 years, a French lady, who holds this fortunate record, attributes it to the following process. Each morning after taking a warm bath, she immediately sponges her throat, her face, and the back of her neck and ears with the very coldest water she can get for about two minutes. In cold weather one may feel inclined to shirk, she says, but the result of steady application she has found a plentiful reward.

To Cultivate Cheerfulness.
Sydney Smith once gave a woman a score of recipes for cheerfulness, and among them was to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her, to keep a box of candy on the chimney-piece and a kettle simmering on the hob. Do not give way to melancholy; never ask "Why were we born?" If you are giving to asking questions, ask easy ones.

Brave Little Woman!
"If you don't help to keep down our expenses," he complained, "I shall be driven to desperation." "All right, dear," she replied, "I'll do my best. I'm going to call up Aunt Elizabeth today and ask her if she won't take our canary, so that we shall not have to buy any more bird seed."

Filling a Fountain Pen.
When gilding a fountain pen, to prevent annoyance from air bubbles, use narrow, tapering pieces of blotting paper, cut small enough to reach easily into the barrel of the pen. When touched with one of these blotter points the bubbles disappear and others do not form.

Has No Advantage.
That Berlin physician who boasts that he can detect truth from falsehood by the breath has no advantage over the wives of men who try to hide it by eating cloves.—New York Herald.

Grow Their Own Cedar.
The light-house reservations on the great lakes are able to grow all the white cedar needed for spar buoys in their district.

Another View of It.
"It is as much trouble to raise a puppy as a boy," according to a critic of women. Perhans, but the pup doesn't go to college and gamble your hard-earned money away, and then expect you to buy an annuitment when he gets drunk and marries a chorus girl old enough to be his mother.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BY A TRICK OF FATE

By I. L. FORRESTER.

Since daybreak there had been no change in the ceaseless lurching of the yacht, or the dull roar of the waves as they swept in long, heavy seas over its slides.

Twice Katherine had tried to leave her stateroom and reach the cabin, and had been forced back. Once the white-faced stewardess had come to her door. There was no immediate danger, she assured her. They would be notified at once if there were. If she was nervous, Mr. Hetherington said he would come to her. And Katherine had sent back word that she was not at all nervous and Mr. Hetherington need not trouble himself at all about her.

The week at sea had passed like a troubled dream. They were to have made harbor the previous morning, and the storm had driven them off the coast, down the southern French coast. By this time she had thought everything would have been over. The brief, tearful parting with Hetherington, the meeting with her mother in Paris and the trip to Berbee.

Dear, lovely, lonely little Berbee up on the Normandy coast. The two summers she had spent there, in old Martigny's classes, had been the happiest of her life.

It had all been arranged and settled so decently, as Hetherington said. There had never been any open quarrels between them for the servants and public to gossip over, merely a quiet, courteous antagonism which required no explanation. The marriage had not been voluntary.

"It was the blessed, stupid cynicism," Katherine said, with gay cynicism, at their last interview. "We're not the kind who settle down, Bruce, and be married, and then do nothing but give house parties, and dinner parties, and yachting parties, and all the rest of it. You were rich and nobody in particular, and I was poor and a Lorrimer, and the wise little mothers simply saw a chance to found a dynasty of mutual benefit, and we drifted until they landed us under the orange blossoms. It is a little tangle of fate's skeins. We can't go back and untangle it, but we can do the Alexander trick, and cut it."

He had agreed to the separation too readily, she thought. Even acknowledging perfect indifference on both sides, a little hesitancy would have been desirable. He had almost seemed cheerful when he had asked her, what she intended doing at Berbee.

"You haven't the ghost of a right to ask me," she had told him, "but there is nothing to conceal. Martigny keeps up his summer classes still. You know I studied under him there, and in Paris, too, when we were poor, before"—she hesitated, and went on with a light touch of bitterness—"before I was the fortunate Mrs. Hetherington. There is certain to be some of the old class left, and I can rest and study."

"And be happy," concluded Hetherington. She had not answered.

A sudden sharp rapping on her stateroom door startled her. She caught her breath as she rose unsteadily, and clung for support to the side of the berth. The moment of danger had come.

"Kit! Let me in!"
It was Hetherington's voice. She turned the lock with steady fingers, a sudden peace strengthening her. He paused in the doorway, tall and dark, and storm beaten in his dripping oilskins, his face white and grim as he looked down at her.

"Has it come, dear?" she asked, lifting her face to him. "I'm not afraid with you."

He caught her to him closely, and pressed his lips to hers with hungry intensity.

"Not afraid in death, Kit?" he said bitterly. "Then why in life?"

She closed her eyes and shrank closer to him. Death had become a friend to be met with smiling eyes and welcoming happiness. As Hetherington raised his head she waited, expectantly. The lurching and grumbling had stopped. She wondered if they were sinking, and tightened the clasp of her arms about his neck as she smiled up at him.

"How dear death is together," she said softly. "I'm not one bit afraid."

His eyes lighted with sudden comprehension, and he stood back loosening her arms.

"The danger is past," he said. "I came to tell you we had made the harbor at St. Hilaire. You can reach Paris by evening."

For an instant she hesitated in the revulsion of thought, then held out her arms longingly.

"Not alone," she said. "Not alone now, sweetheart. I am afraid in life, too, alone."

Cats and Fruit Stores.

"Cats and fruit stores are inseparable," said the sidewalk tourist. "You may have a cat and no fruit store, but you can't have a fruit store and no cat. The reason is nice."

"I was in a fruiterer's recently and on a pile of oranges dozed a cat, investigating a melon crate was another, while a third purred beside the cash register. It struck me that three tabbies in a small shop was a bit too much feline, and I said so."

"Oh, cats!" replied the fruiterer. "Yes, we have to have 'em. If we didn't keep cats the mice would eat all the fruit, and what they didn't eat they'd bite into and spoil the appearance of. The fruit storage men call the cat the guardian of the fruit!"

HENRY'S TWO VALENTINES

By G. L. SELTER.

Marcia Maynard did not even know it was the fourteenth of February. She had been too busy all the morning making feather cakes and spicy cookies and pies that defied description to so much as glance at the calendar.

Enlightenment, however, occurred in the form of Cousin Lucy Stoddard, a vastly different figure in her trim trappings, from Marcia in her neat work dress.

"A woman," said Lucy, in the commonplace way that always irritated Marcia, "is as old as she looks."

"I have always been too busy doing useful and necessary work," acknowledged Marcia pointedly, "to bother much about my looks."

"But it isn't necessary for you to do so, Cousin Marcia; you might take life as easy as I do, if you would. People think it a pity that you have never married."

"I do not know why they should, especially," Marcia's eyes flashed suddenly. "You have never married, yourself, Lucy."

"But that is because I have never cared to do so, dear. I have always had an abundance of suitors. It has been different with you, you know. There did use to be talk that you and Henry Howard would make a match of it, but I never believed it. You are not Henry's style."

"I never thought of such a thing as marrying Henry Howard—or anyone else," denied Marcia crisply.

"How fortunate that is," Lucy spoke with a malicious assumption of sympathy. "I may as well tell you," she confessed, "that I have about decided to accept Henry."

"To accept Henry?" Marcia set her newly leech eke perilously near the edge of the table. "I did not know he ever thought of you."

"No, I have never given him any encouragement, but I have long known what I could do if I would. It has not been easy to decide among so many," Marcia's snift of disbelief passed unnoted, "but the sight of Henry's loneliness makes him seem worthy of the sacrifice of my freedom. I am going to send him a valentine as the most graceful and romantic way of letting him understand my attitude."

A valentine! Marcia finished her work as if in a dream.

Then, unexpectedly, she laughed out with unthought gaiety. "If one valentine is good, two ought to be better. I think I'll send Henry a valentine myself!"

Amazement filled the prelate soul of Henry Howard when he found the contents of the big envelope to be a valentine. As he considered it, his date, middle-aged heart began to warm unaccountably.

"Now, that's real thoughtful of Lucy, I'm sure. I haven't had a valentine in so many years I'd forgotten how it seemed. It is a fine thing to keep one's youth as Lucy has."

It was late in the afternoon before he remembered to look at the other letter he had received in the same mail. After he had read it, he sat for a long time looking meditatively at the windows of the next house.

"I believe I'll go over—she's never asked me before to dine with her, and Marcia is a master cook. I—I believe I'll tell her what I mean to do, too; she's got a pretty sensible head, Marcia has."

If a woman is no older than she looks, Marcia had certainly lost a good ten years of her age when she greeted Henry Howard in her immaculate front hall.

"And this," he said, "is what I have been cheating myself out of for the last fifteen years. I find it rather lonely in my big house, Marcia."

"Yes," answered Marcia demurely, pouring the coffee.

"I've been thinking lately that I have been foolish to live alone so long. Do you suppose anyone could be induced to have an old fellow like me?"

"Oh, yes," Marcia smiled across the centerpiece.

"Will you, Marcia?" He could hardly credit the fact that his ears heard Henry Howard asking any woman to marry him.

The next instant he had gone round the table and gathered her cold fingers into his warm, strong hands. "Why, I love you, Marcia. I've wanted you all the time and did not know it; would you believe a man could be so foolish and blind?"

"Yes," whispered Marcia. "I have been, too, until today."

Upon this interesting tableau the door opened unexpectedly, and Lucy Stoddard stood transfixed.

"Come in, Lucy," called the man heartily. "You shall be the first to congratulate me. It was your valentine that set me thinking how lonely I really was. But I liked Marcia's valentine best; painted hearts and printed verses may be satisfactory to romantic young fellows, but nothing appeals to us older fellows like a good dinner!"

If any look of chagrin clouded the sprightly face in the doorway it was instantly concealed by an overwhelming smile. "I knew all you needed was a little jogging," she said, "to make you the two happiest people in the world."

REVENGE WAS SWEET

By C. S. REID.

Fifty-one climbed the five-mile hill above Caruthers Station at a slow pace, the caboose looking like a button on the end of a rattlesnake's tail. After classifying and adjusting a bunch of waybills, Hayden, the conductor, went forward to the front end of the cab, where, just beyond the tool pit under the lookout, was an improvised bunk on one side, and an arrangement on the other which served as a dresser. Hayden had received a snarl slap on the cheek from a loose end of a box strap while helping to unload some freight packages back there at Caruthers, and he had gone in search of a mirror with which to examine the wound.

The dresser referred to was nothing more nor less than a number of tiers of shelving, built one above the other, in the side of the car. But contrary to the usual arrangement of such affairs, Hayden's mirror, a small, framed glass, reposed on a lower shelf.

Bending forward, he drew the mirror from its resting place. Then, suddenly, and without examining the wound in his cheek, he threw the mirror upon the top shelf, and, seizing a large pinch bar which was leaning against the tool pit, hurried out upon the front platform, closing the door behind him.

Here he stood a moment, thinking intently. Presently he thrust the claw end of the bar under the shoulder of the coupling pin which held the caboose attached to the train, using a portion of the drawhead as a fulcrum. Then with his hands on the opposite end he watched the pin unwaveringly—and waited. A few moments later, as the front trucks dropped over a high joint, and there was a single instant's slack in the tension of the coupling, Hayden bore down viciously upon the end of the bar; and the coupling pin went flying into the air over the side of the truck.

And now Hayden drew a deep breath. Jobs were hard to get, and easy to lose, especially now since there was so much talk of cutting wages, reducing the force and economizing in every possible way, to meet the conditions occasioned by the embezzlement of Walt Bradley, treasurer of the Kennewah branch, he having skipped out the day before with all of the surplus funds of the company in his possession.

But as the caboose slowed down, then began a reverse motion, Hayden drew another long breath, and went inside. The flagman and the rest of the crew were now forward on the fast-disappearing train.

Back down the five-mile hill sped the caboose alone, gathering momentum at each rail length, until the trees and shrubs along the way appeared as a blurred mass. It was slightly up-grade from the foot of the hill to Caruthers, and the speed of the cab had decreased somewhat when it leaped by the station. The agent, however, had seen it coming before it reached the foot of the hill, and had expected to see it fly from the track and go to pieces in the ravine below.

But it had not done this; and what he saw, as the car shot past the office, was Hayden sitting in the doorway, smiling and waving him a clearance signal. The agent sprang to his key and called frantically the dispatcher at Kennewah. Getting the latter's attention he rattled away:

"Fifty-one—runaway caboose—your switch quick—brakes off—Haydn on board—evidently crazy."

Meanwhile the caboose was lunging towards Kennewah at the rate of 75 miles an hour, and people along the route stared after the meteoric object in amazement and horror.

The grade, after passing Caruthers, was upward for about three miles; then there was another twirling stretch of track for rapid coasting. After this the grade was gradual but rising and falling, and entering the yard at Kennewah at a slight incline. So the speed of the caboose was but little decreased until within a mile of the junction, when the cab began to slow down.

It was at this time that Hayden went out on the platform and caught the brake wheel, which he brought around sharply, until the shoes elsed the truck wheels. Approaching the yard, he saw that the switch had been opened, and that the car would stop on a clear siding. Passing the switch, he tightened upon the brakes with all of his might, and the runaway caboose came to a dead stop almost opposite the station.

This accomplished, Hayden braced quickly back into the car, jerked his revolver from its hiding place in his locker, and, drawing a bead upon the aisle between his bunk and the dresser, he called out:

"Come out from under that bunk, Bradley! or by the living St. Peter, I'll perforate all space matter ad motion beneath that berth. Show your gun out first, butt end foremost, and you want to be quick about the whole business."

In response to this urgent call a volter was shoved from beneath the bunk, butt foremost, as directed. A very much fear-stricken, ore-laden and begrimed specimen of humanity followed after the weapon, threw up his hands the moment he reached, in obedience to a second command of his captor.

A crowd had gathered by this time, the defaulting treasurer was pulled to bear the fears of the face, as he was marched away to a place of safe-keeping.

FIRE INSURANCE

DON'T wait till your house burns down before you secure insurance.

If you are not carrying insurance, or if you wish to secure more or make a change, call on us and let us figure with you.

We have some of the best companies and can give you the lowest rates

JOHNSON & JOHNSON

News Office

Antioch, Ill.